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*By D. M. Steele*

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Going Abroad Overland

Vacation Journeys East and West

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Ausable Chasm

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# Vacation Journeys East and West

Descriptive and Discursive Stories of  
American Summer Resorts

By

David M. Steele

Rector of the Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany,  
Philadelphia

Author of "Going Abroad Overland"

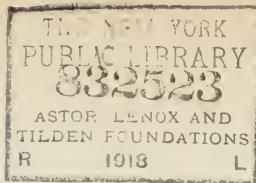
"There are thousands all over the country who know I will not write one word in favor of any sport or place in reference to the benefits to be derived from it by them, if I am not intelligent and well-informed. I love the outdoor life and world, the pure air of water stretch, and the mountain tops, and the pure thought and life that come to those who breathe it, and I would that all those who love these things with me may enjoy them with me. Hence I write to them to tell them what I have found and where I have found it."

W. H. H. ("Adirondack") MURRAY.

*Illustrated*

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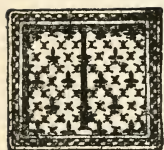


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DAVID M. STEELE

The Knickerbocker Press, New York



## Dedication



IN pursuance of a custom only disregarded at one's peril, I must dedicate this volume to somebody.

This is usual. It is also useful.

It proves that the author is on speaking terms at least with some notable person or has friends well known to the public at large. I am. Or, rather, I have. I desire both to point a moral and adorn a tale by choosing a strange coterie for eulogy. I admire. . . . But wait! I am coming to that.

I have lived at hotels all my life, most of them such as deal with transients, travelers, and tourists. I admire patience. And I know it when I see it. They have it—and they have need of it—who run a modern hostelry. I know this from observation. They have learned it by experience with millions—and especially with me.

As a tribute, therefore, I inscribe these com-

mentaries to the whole hotel fraternity. I mean all of them, of all sorts and conditions: from the absentee owner to the harried head-waiter; from the manager in his office to the man who holds the mortgage; from the desk-clerk and the mail-clerk to the bus-boys and the bell-boys; from the taxicab-agent and the baggage-master to the house-physician and the public-stenographer; from the cashier and the house-detective to the porters and the waiters—and the cook. I forgive them all.

I present my compliments and speak my gratitude to those whose work is, whether useful or more ornamental: to the clairvoyant telegraph operator and the blind-as-a-bat messenger boy; to the telephone operator and the page who pursues, for her, elusive patrons; to the millionaire florist and the seller of souvenir post cards; to the clerks at the news-stand, who are never where you want them, and the vendors of postage stamps, which are never sold where you seek them; to the orchestra-conductor and the engineer; to the electrician and the elevator-man; to the barber and the manicure lady; to the valet and the laundress; to the floor-clerks and the hall-maids; to the courtly door-man and the coatless boot-

black; to the night-hawk cabby and the all-night watchman. I have heard them cursed in every language; I have seen them working at all hours. They are servitors of all, these people. They are benefactors of a thankless race.

What is more important, they are friends of mine. I speak up for them; they are tongue-tied of themselves. I know they are my friends, for they have treated me—which is a compliment above all gratitude—just as though I were one of them. They have a fellow feeling for the clergy. Both work all hours of all days in the week. Both deal with people who have more leisure and more money than they. In serving these, we learn their foibles. We err sometimes; we are human. But, praise be, we are not less—or more—so.

D. M. S.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Christmas, 1917.



## Foreword



LAST year I published chapters dealing with two or three of the same places mentioned in this Table of Contents; I mean those in the Far West. But they were written from another point of view and for another purpose. These have nothing in common with those.

The places here described are types each of a class. They are as various as those classes are manifold, of summer hotels, tourist centers, and vacationist resorts in the United States. How large is the number of these, no one who has traveled need be told; no one else would believe.

The purpose in this second endeavor is to draw—and that merely by putting them on exhibition and without philosophizing—contrasts between modes of summer life at certain of the foremost recreation centers and the higher moods en-

gendered by some scenes outdoors of meditation. Each class has its own devotees and both have their own champions. Yet the contrast, I believe, is striking.

On these chosen summer journeys, through several seasons past, I have studied vacationists rather than taken vacations. One cannot very well both be the thing and see it too, any more than one can watch the procession and march with the band. I have merely exercised the right of choice. The whole may seem like work to others; it has been my way of resting.

Insofar as estimates of summer pleasures are concerned, there are as many, I suppose, as there are types of human beings. I have seen whole myriads of people working so hard resting, it exhausted me almost with sympathizing. As for hectic hordes at exercise, I can only aver that their modus is as unintelligible to me as the home life of a hill of ants. I prefer the motionless activity of one who sits by and looks on. Looking, I have seen what I have written.

I must thank, for courtesies of copyright, the publishers of newspapers and magazines wherein—some wholly, some in part—these pages have

appeared: *The Philadelphia Press*, *The Public Ledger*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and *The New York Independent*. None of the readers, now or then, could have more pleasure in perusing than I have had in compiling these facts, in making these studies of places and people, in writing this series of Contrasts between East and West.

D. M. S.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Christmas, 1917.





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Attack



The Caravel "Don de Dieu"

Named from "Mo"  
discovered by Jacob  
explorer, fall of 1755  
by Mohawks, 1689  
Sept. 8

radox

Chilson

Champlain's  
Battle 1609  
Ft. Ticonderoga

N

built and called  
then Ft. Edward  
Lake





## **Vacation Journeys East and West**





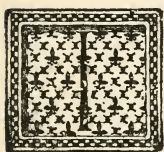
# Vacation Journeys East and West

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## CHAPTER I

### The Lake Champlain Vacation Country

*Where History and Romance, Tragedy and Entertainment, Interweave and Intermingle*



AM writing this story from Plattsburg. I have come up here from Saratoga. Athwart that distance—farther, from the Mohawk Valley north to Canada, there lies a region in which are combined more scenes of ancient history and sites of modern romance, more fields of ancient fiction and modern reality, more great highways of commerce and more health and recreation resorts, than in any like space elsewhere one has

ever traveled. Between at least these inner limits there lies this chief of many Playgrounds of America.

With Saratoga well within its gateway; with Lake George and Lake Champlain contending each for the supremacy and waiting on the verdict of those who love placid beauty or stern majesty; with the Green Mountains walling one side and the Adirondacks standing ramparts on the other; with Cooperstown and Glens Falls, Schroon Lake and Sharon Springs, Lake Placid and Ausable Chasm, calling for attention at the end of side trips; with accommodations ample for a million tourists all told in its hotels, camps, and cottages; with its wealth of Indian legend and its library of pre-, ante-, and post-Revolutionary history; with its transportation facilities by rail, water, and automobile roads the finest in the world—is it any wonder that it takes the ready name, A Summer Paradise?

The region is alert with pristine life. Its mountains have an inexhaustible legacy of romance and beauty. Its rivers sparkle radiantly in the sunlight. Its lakes shimmer dreamily under the moon. Its moods are gentle, scintillant, petulant,

pensive, passionate, passive, melting one into another like the moods of a mistress to be zealously studied and jealously enjoyed. It is worthy of national acceptance as the rich fulfillment of the vacation hopes of every man, woman, and child in the United States. For loveliness of appearance, healthfulness of fresh mountain breezes, and varied resources of hotel entertainment, no place can boast an advantage over this among any of the typical summer resorts in America.

If the Colorado Rockies are massive and impressive; if the Western Canadian mountains are grandiloquent and awe-inspiring; if there the sublimity of outlook is conducive to nature worship, this is a region which—because of resources for recreation—has long become famous as a place of enjoyment. There one may pray; but here the people are intent on play. There, tourists whisper at the majesty of what they see; here they sing, romp, and shout in an abandonment of real exhilaration.

From Saratoga northward the scenery begins to exercise its magic spell. The great wooded hills, with exquisite lakes cradled at their bases, gradually take on greater proportions until there

is revealed the full grandeur of the mountains. Parts of Switzerland are recalled as the traveler looks upon these pellucid waters and those towering peaks. The Marcy range raises its massive bulk higher than all others; while old Whiteface, with its scarred front, tells of ages of battles with the elements. These giant hills are a part of that range of Silurian mounds which, geologists aver, were the very first that lifted their heads above the primeval floods. What awful secrets could their rocky sides disclose!

Moreover, the means of arriving and the manner of remaining here deserve real praise. Rapid and comfortable transportation facilities have made these places literally suburbs of the Eastern cities. Long years ago the old canal, digged to connect the upper waters of the two rivers that bore two names, gave one name in turn to the railway line that superseded it. As long ago as 1823, the legislature of New York passed An Act Incorporating the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. So much for the railway; while the Champlain Transportation Company is the oldest steamboat company in the world in operation to-day. It has been a continuous carrier on the

picturesque highway of these lakes for nearly a hundred years.

But I am writing this from Plattsburg, and I have begun all wrongly. If, instead of coming from that lower land to this northern point, you approach from either side, you find yourself descending from the Alps to Italy; the Hills of Moab flatten out to Gardens of Hesperides and, just here, Vales of Cashmere become Plains of Sparta. Here, where the waters from the mountains spread into lakes, where New York borders on New England, and where French is spoken quite as much as English, here new boat-houses take the place of old block-houses and here corner lots are staked for sale above old Indian graves. Here—for this is the point I am making—the new is close companion to the old. Here, I mean, in this old situation, is this new Officers' Summer Training Camp.

It is a far cry indeed from those old battle days to these new; from the old French and Indian wars to this later-day struggle for World Democracy. And yet how much they have in common! From the flintlock and the tomahawk to the machine-gun and the hand-grenade; from the

arquebus and the bark-canoe to the armored-aeroplane and the submarine; from the *chevaux-de-frise* to barbed-wire entanglements; from the signal fires once lighted on yon dusky mountains to the wireless stations which now taper from their summits, there is little differs but the means of combat. There is the same close siege and attack. There are the same passions and the same proclivities. There are these sharp contrasts, to be sure; and yet are there not the same human elements? There is rancor now; there was like venom then, here in the land of the Algonquins and the Iroquois, the Jesuits and Courriers du Bois, here in the land of Cooper's tales and Parkman's history—which, see.

Of Plattsburg itself, as it is nowadays, everyone who reads English has known for three summers. I pause only to pay tribute, and that in one paragraph, to the place as it has been purified by fire of these encampments. Schoolboys know that here was scene, as long ago as 1814, of the battle that still bears this name, between American and British fleets, Commodore McDonough of the former defeating the latter under Commodore Dowie. Every sportsman has long

known that fishing at the end of the lake is excellent. Every tourist for a generation has come home enthusiastic about this southern climate in a northern latitude. Every traveler, from the beginning of its usage, knew this as the early eastern gateway to the Adirondacks. They have also read from guidebooks that, for forty years past, here has been a United States Military Base, one of the largest and most important in the country, where travelers waited to see guard-mount, dress-parade, etc. In view of location, then, of climate, of spaciousness, and of previous selection this naturally would be the first place chosen for this kind of summer enterprise.

And the men who make up this picked company of five thousand or more for two camps of three months each this anxious summer? And their comforts, the provision for their welfare, physical not alone but moral, their army environments, their temptations—or the absence of them—and their power and propensity to resist these? I can only say that, after observation, I know all such apprehension has been needless and all such suspicion groundless. If evil report has found its way to windward it is untrue. I have never



found more healthful moral atmosphere, more dearth of the things that breed camp contamination, or a more utter absence of the sins that we heard so much about "when the boys were at the border."

And these boys themselves? They are manly without an exception. I had singular facility to observe this; for I was here in the middle of August, on the very day the first Encampment broke up. I was struck by the silent engrossment of these men in their duty. I observed their serious mien and their chivalrous manner. They seemed impressed all with a sense of grave responsibility. They gave proof of conviction that they were bent on a solemn mission. I saw hard and toilsome work; but I heard no grumbling. I noted how their practice was in keeping with their precept. While they worked they never worried. While they marched they sang. And what they sang was this:

What's the use of worrying?

It never was worth while;

So, pack up your troubles in your old kit bag

And smile, smile, smile.

Who goes to Plattsburg goes out to Bluff Point.



Once this was famous as the place of a redoubt, the scene of bloody conflict and the choice location for sentinel fires; now it is a site suitable above comparison for a great summer hostelry, Hotel Champlain. This is wonderfully situated on the highest mound overlooking the lake. Here converge so many routes of travel that, as a consequence, here foregather friends of those who are in training. The hotel is commandingly situated on this highest promontory which affords unobstructed views over many miles of most beautiful country in every direction.

To the east lie the lake and, in the distance, the Green Mountains of Vermont. To the west, the eye takes in the lovely Saranac Valley. At the west front is the convenient automobile entrance, to which broad roads wind through the extensive grounds; for fine roads for automobiling lead hither in all directions, the hotel being located on the Adirondack and Iroquois trails of the Empire Tour. The view from the roomy veranda overlooks smooth lawns, flower-beds, shrubbery, summer houses, groves of evergreen trees, the tennis courts, and the golf greens. On the lake front to the east is a broad, level terrace, bordered

with flowers and shrubbery, from which stairways and winding walks descend to the lake shore through a beautiful forest of evergreens.

Of a morning, there is nothing more grand than that vast panorama; while, in the evening twilight, the view is entrancing. By day, there spread to view, far as the eye can reach, the purest of crystal and brightest of green. The sylvan pomp of woods, the shimmering sun, the flowers, the leaves, blue skies and silver clouds and gentle winds—these are all at hand and all are in abundance. When the sun goes to its setting, it disappears in the giant embrace of the hills, like Hebe in Hercules' arms. Again by evening, there are other figures as many of classic speech. There are metaphors that have a mixture. Luna walks with Neptune, while Mars treads with Venus. There is music long into the night, in the great ballroom, and every evening is a veritable *Eve Before Waterloo*.

But I continue writing on in introduction what ought to be climax to this narrative; for I am at my travel's end and have not yet begun at its beginning. I took train at Saratoga for the boat trip up Lake George. This ends at Baldwin,

where was Lord Howe's Landing. Thence by rail, around a little isthmus, you come upon Montcalm Landing—where are now the ruins of Ticonderoga. There, embarking on another boat, you traverse Lake Champlain. You arrive here in time for supper—and the sunset.

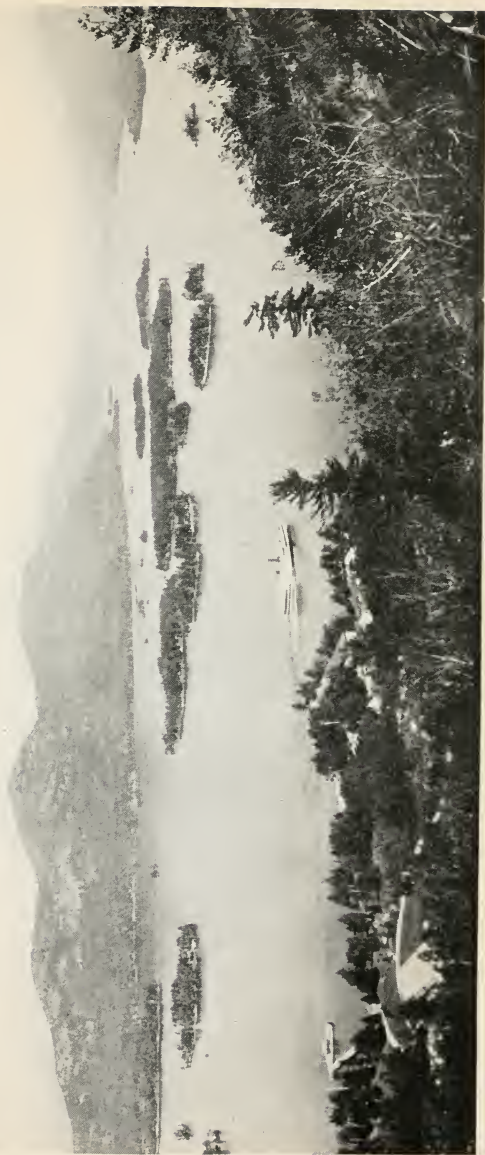
Lake George is thirty-three miles long. It is flanked on both sides by wooded mountains. It is dotted with pretty islands, two hundred and twenty in all. It has been called, and not without reason, the Como, the Windermere, or the Loch Lomond of America. This first of two lakes begins twenty-eight miles north of Saratoga Springs. It was the "Andia-to-roc-te" (Where-the-Lake-Shuts-Itself-In) of the Aborigines, the Saint Sacrament of the French, the Horicon of Cooper's romances, and the King's Lake of the conquering Britons. It is this lake which Herbert Spencer described as the most picturesque thing that he saw in the United States.

Nor is this alone the most beautiful lake in America; it is one of the most interesting historically. The fact that its thirty-three miles of smiling loveliness formed an important section of the great waterway between the early English pos-

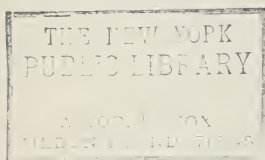
sessions on the south and those of the French on the north explains the location of the sanguinary events that took place in its vicinity. Every mile of its mountain sides has echoed the merciless whoop of savages, and over its cool surface glittering armies have passed, to return crushed by defeat or flushed with victory. To-day its procession of vacationists far outnumbers the armies of the past.

In the morning light, upon embarking, the spectacle was superb. We enjoyed the brightness of the summer day, the sheen and sparkle of those crystal waters, the countless islets, tufted with pine, birch, and fir, and the bordering mountains, with their green summits and sunny crags. Clustered along the shores are elaborately kept private estates, modest camps and cottages, hospitable boarding houses and summer hotels. On the waters the canoe darts gracefully and the motor boat draws its white line of speed.

We set out by early morning on that natty little steamer. The air was clear as ether and the sunlight glimmered on the million waves at play like schools of silver-side fishes. The fair breeze kept the flag at the low masthead as fussily



Lake George, The Narrows  
Courtesy, Delaware and Hudson Co.



busy as the fabled fly on the chariot wheel. We traversed square miles of white caps; we passed minor palisades along the way; we breasted waves as of an ocean in miniature; in short, we made an ocean voyage in microcosm. We were on a ship of a play pattern; we were never out of sight of land.

At the outset, the railway route ran in sight along shore like a sharp glittering border to a genre picture. There were acres of carpet-like verdure that unrolled back from the shore. We caught glimpses of pastoral country tamed from the native wilderness and checkered with farms. Still farther, there were beautiful wooded hills merging on either side into far high mountain ranges. And all these features are clean-cut, distinct, and picturesque because undesecrated. These hills have not been burned or lumbered over. Things are not here as they are too often elsewhere. As yet they are literally not at all disfigured by the greed of man to blast rock, fell timber, confine water, cage the current, or pollute the stream.

But man has done some things here to improve on nature—or to utilize it rather. The distinctive



feature is that here he has set it to serve the ends of art instead of science, to conduce to his enjoyment and not his enrichment. On every hand are human habitations. While many possess individual charms, all have the special attribute of restful and healthful environment; all are equipped as cheerful, homelike although temporary abodes. And these are varied in character to suit all tastes, temperaments, and purses. Cottages are as abundant as camps in the Adirondacks; chains of islands contain individual homes; hotels stand in sight and tents are scattered in the distance as thick as the hanging out of Monday's wash-line. There were sound of laughter and sight of pleasure; there were colonies at every landing; and these landings the boat made so frequently we might have been riding a bus on Fifth Avenue.

For two hours we traversed this lower lake, then crossed the isthmus to the upper. The two are connected by a crooked stream—and one with waterfalls; for this water flows north—in spite of our childhood idea that this means uphill because of the position on the map. If Lake George is beautiful, Lake Champlain is magnifi-



cent. The difference is that between charm and dignity. The latter is larger; it is longer, broader, deeper, and its confines and environs are quite different. There are channels here where navies might float and broad reaches of expanding water which have been the scenes of naval conflict. There are places where mountains come wandering down to the shore, like deer in the evening to drink; but for the most part they recede as timidly as wildest animals and in the distance they increase to mammoth size.

Thus Champlain is more majestic and more awe-inspiring. It has hauteur, grandeur. It is ever a name that conjures up to mind both mystery and romance. From its bosom the eyes reach to the east and search the Green Mountains, beyond whose peaks the misty summits of the White Mountains cleave and pierce the sky. To the west the rugged peaks of the Adirondacks beckon and call. And, too, as its scenes are fascinating so its bloody history is dramatic. For about the shores of this lake history was made.

Lossing says:

Standing upon Tahawus it required little imagination to behold the stately procession of historic men

and events passing through that open door. First, in dim shadows, were the dusky warriors of the ante-Columbian period, darting swiftly through in their bark canoes intent on blood and plunder. Then came Champlain with guns and sabers to aid the Hurons against the Iroquois; then the French and Indian allies, led by Marin, passing through that door and sweeping with terrible force down the Hudson to smite the Dutch and English settlers at Saratoga. Again came French and Indian warriors, led by Montcalm and Dieskau, to drive the English from that door and secure it for the house of Bourbon. A little later Burgoyne rushed through that door, driving Americans southward like chaff before the wind as far as Saratoga. And lastly came another British force, Sir George Prevost at their head, to take possession of that door, only to be turned back at its northern threshold.

And all these scenes are worth noting. For the pleasure of travel in such parts is enhanced not only by the natural scenery but more by the historical associations of the route. This region has both. There are scenes here of courageous endeavor and romantic adventure. There was fighting by Americans against the English, who are now our allies; there was fighting between French and English, who are now sworn allies of each other. This chain of lakes and rivers became

early the great highway of savage and civilized war, a bloody debatable ground linked by memories of momentous conflicts. Even a synoptical narrative covering the great campaigns would be far too extensive for these pages; but thanks are due to the New York State Historical Association, to whose efforts are so largely owing the cherishing of old landmarks and the recording of history and tradition here.

Of all names in this connection, two stand out in special prominence: Samuel de Champlain, the father of New France, and Francis Parkman, the historian of this part of the New World. It was in 1609 that the former entered this lake which preserves his name to posterity. It was in 1823 that the latter was born, who stands pre-eminent as the historian of the rise, decline, and fall of the French power in America. His books relating to the struggles of France to establish her power permanently in this country have never been surpassed for their vivid and fascinating descriptions of men, events, and scenes.

Yet the restrictions of space imposed by this endeavor make it impossible to describe any locality or narrate any one of the hundred events in

detail. I recall only the names in order of some actors in this long-drawn drama and of places where their names and fame are even now perpetuated. I am thinking of Fort William and Port Henry, of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, of Fort St. Frederick and Jogues Island, of the doings of Montcalm and Frontenac, of King William's War and Queen Anne's War, of the Treaty of Utrecht and the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, of the ventures of Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen, of Burgoyne's Campaign and the Battle of Saratoga.

And, to continue in different vein—if facts of that far-off time sound like fiction, there are certain fictions that simulate fact. There are myths and legends, fables, fancies, in the dim, adumbral distance, which, while one looks at them, grow distinct, take form, assume dates definite and figures actual. There is a point at which fable resolves itself into fact. The past, like some dissolving view, while we look on, becomes the present. Here was the borderland of the Algonquin and the Iroquois; consequently, here begins the song of Hiawatha. When Cooper laid the plan of the *Leather-Stocking Tales*, it was among the intricate mazes of these waterways

that he placed homes of his characters, secreted, safe, secure, because so hard to find. Here grew up the early boat songs with which voyageurs were wont to beguile their labor at the oar. Like the popular songs of all countries, these perpetuate historic legends, the traditions of ancestors, the wars and the woes, the loves and the losses, of heroes and heroines.

Came we at Port Kent to the point of side departure for Ausable Chasm. If you have been here there is no need to describe it; if you have not, there is little use to try. This is the most wonderful piece of rock formation east of the Rocky Mountains. It should not be omitted by any traveler who comes within a reasonable distance of it. The river itself, a large and rapid stream, flows through a rocky gorge only twenty to forty feet wide, between perpendicular walls of Potsdam sandstone, one hundred to one hundred and seventy-five feet high, while waterfalls add to its attractions. The river rises in Indian Pass only a short distance from the source of the Hudson; but it takes a tumultuous course northward and eastward, passing near its mouth through this tremendous rocky chasm. Both take their name

from the sandy bed near the mouth of the river, the French word for sand being *sable*. This great natural wonder, the Yosemite of the East, ranks next to Niagara Falls among Nature's masterpieces. The river, in its passage from the mountains to the lake, began to chisel this vast fissure through the solid mountains. For countless ages this erosion has continued. The walls of the Chasm are a most interesting example of river carving and a fascinating study for the geologist.

And, speaking of geology, here is a place among all in America where one should know a little somewhat of those processes of earth's formation to appreciate the part played by this area in later ages of that earth's development. It is easy to cull facts from the late written scroll of man's recorded history. It is hard, but possible, to know the doings of the Indians who have gone over highways here of their own choosing. But back of all these lies another and far longer story. Back of folklore and of legend even, lies a story untold and unwritten. Yet far back of that again, back of all archæology and anthropology, lie the stone-graven records of geology.

It is beside earth's oldest mountains that this old waterway stands. Far back in the æons of unrecorded time, beside which the longest periods of history and tradition are as fleeting moments, the great crest of the Laurentian system of rocks thrust its bold peaks above the primordial ocean. From their culmination they extended northward and eastward to Labrador and ran out into the Northwest. Long afterward, another convulsion upreared the ridges of the Appalachians, a slim spur of which, the Green Mountains, shot parallel to the Adirondacks. In the tremendous strains which accompanied this second disturbance, long faults, or rifts, appeared at the edge of the Laurentian rocks. The greatest of these rifts ran northeasterly and southwesterly to form the present Champlain Valley.

To-day, this gate which has swung both ways to the conquering armies of two peoples and three nations stands wide and unguarded, while through it, forgetful of the perils of ambushade and war, the citizens of all three nations pass unhindered. The war routes are still used, but not for war or the passage of armed fleets. Over them and along the bluff, archaic cliffs of the oldest valley,



from the metropolis of one great country to the metropolis of the other, upon glistening bands of steel, or the unchanged expanse of the lakes, ply great steam shuttles, weaving stronger, as in a loom, the bonds of continued peace and prosperity.



## CHAPTER II

### A Night and Day at Saratoga

*Chronicle of a Departed Prestige, of a Glory that  
has Ceased to be*



IN a homeward trip from Plattsburg, through the Lake Champlain-Lake George Vacation Country, I had come by automobile, boat, and railway, to stop for a night and day at Saratoga. I had heard of it as Spa of North America. I knew that here was a place of healing springs, mammoth hotels, political conventions, and horse-races. I remembered that these last were held each year through the entire month of August. I had read that there were homes here of the rich and famous. I supposed here were the height of fashion and the norm and standard of frivolity and *fin de siècle* summer occupations. I was doomed to disillusionment. I met with disappointment.

And yet, in any volume of American travel studies, Saratoga would have to be treated in a chapter all by itself. It is *sui generis* in all particulars. Its present-day condition is a proof and illustration, incidentally, of a stern moral thesis. One who holds a brief for the abiding qualities of virtue and the ephemeral nature of vice; who would prove that it pays to be good and aver that the wicked shall not live out half their days; who urges the commitment of judgments of value to the true, the beautiful, and the good, and warns that whatsoever is other than these shall be as temporary as the passing of the leaves in autumn, has here subject matter for a treatise.

For Saratoga is the most noted resort of iniquity still in existence; it is the most amazing relic of antiquity still extant among the summer places of the whole United States. It has been the most noted inland watering place in America and in some respects was once the most remarkable in the world. To-day, it is a town of ten thousand population and it still has annually quadruple of ten thousand as visitors. It is still the proud possessor of some features of climate and scenery that are unsurpassed at any place in any period.

But something has happened. The game has gone wrong. It has suffered eclipse otherwise—and for a reason.

The city itself is a sleepy old country town, rather. But that must not be held a detriment. It lies in a region immortalized by the early history of our country and one over which the glamour of romance has been shed. Its dry, transparent, bracing atmosphere, its health-giving mineral waters, and its other attractions and advantages made it erstwhile one of the most desirable places in the world in which to pass a summer vacation. It is redolent, therefore, of an early past that is historic; it is reminiscent of another age that was resplendent; it is permeated nowadays, however, with a musty odor as of arbors overgrown, of mausoleums long forgotten, of a banquet hall deserted, of a littered ballroom in the cold gray dawn of the morning after.

There have been four stages representing these four aspects. I recall them that they may pass in review. For example, I had stood, upon a former journey, on the top of Mt. McGregor. Here General Grant was brought in 1885 in the hope that the dry, bracing atmosphere might

prolong his life. From the Grant Lookout there spreads to-day, as always, that remarkable panorama of the Hudson Valley and its environs; to the west the Adirondack foothills; in the distance the Catskill Mountains; and to the east, still in the farther distance, the Green Mountains of Vermont. These features are abiding. They are as entrancing as when old Sir William Johnson, baronet and English pioneer, adopted Sachem of the Mohawks, first came here to drink of High Rock Spring in 1767; or, two full centuries earlier, when Jacques Cartier heard of the virtues of the waters of the Springs in 1535.

Still runs also the ancient military road over which marched the red-skinned warriors of the Five Nations and over which were borne in turn, to victory, then to defeat, the Lilies of France and the Cross of St. George. Later the American Army took this highway in its memorable battle, fought at Bemis Heights, in 1777. To the north stands the superb battle monument on the old Heights of Saratoga, within what were once the lines of the English entrenchments. In reach is the most delightful of all one-day excursions, that to and through Lake George and return, with

sight of its hundreds of islands, its majestic mountains, and its limpid waters.

But I digress. To come back to descriptive narrative—and that of modes of life—in an old guidebook of the early days I read:

As a social center, Saratoga Springs needs no introduction to the world at large. It is the ever-attractive all-satisfying summer resort. It is gay, glittering, and cosmopolitan. It is a place of huge hotels and handsome private residences, of magnificent parks and luxuriously shaded promenades, of sumptuous palaces and spacious boulevards. It is the center of wealth and fashion. Each pleasant day Broadway is thronged with fine equipages filled with elegantly attired ladies and their escorts, among whom are to be seen the most distinguished men and women of their time. The four-mile Lake Drive, gay with dashing coaches and fine horses, presents a diverting picture. Millionaires, bankers, statesmen, handsome women and chivalrous men, these make up the happy throng. The reproach of visiting foreigners is that women wear diamond earrings in the daytime and promenade the sidewalks without hats and in *décolleté* gowns. But this it is that makes it "Queen of American Watering Places."

Such was a description true to life, let's say, fifty odd years ago. Well, and now? Still stands the monument commemorative of the Revolution-

ary battle between Generals Gates and Burgoyne; still flows the Hathorn Spring as when, it is recorded, as far back as 1783, came George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and Governor Clinton to its healing stream in company. Still spreads the fine expanse of Woodland Park, twelve hundred acres, as when Lafayette came to pay court to ladies of the old régime a century ago. Still flow the saline springs which first made the fame of the place; still blow the cooling breezes and still shines the silver sun as when came General Philip Schuyler to establish himself here as the first summer cottager in 1763. Still stand the great frame hostelries; but—Ah, that “but”!

Old Congress Hall is gone to make way for new Congress Park; but the Grand Union, the United States, the Worden, and Hotel American keep mourners company adown the slope of Broadway. A mile long they seem to be each and with court-yards acres in extent. There are hotels, so it is said, with space sufficient all for twenty thousand guests. Their fame is known throughout the world; but they are living at a dying rate. They are still advertising; but they draw their present

patronage on their past reputation. In their ballrooms, silent now and empty save for haunting echoes, still hang the glittering chandeliers; still run the avenues of tables in the dining-rooms and still chairs stand like windrows on the prairie-like piazzas. But their elm trees now are scrawny, their shrubbery is mangy, their plaster is scaling, their paint is discolored, their furniture is piebald, and their carpets are moth eaten. Their whole mien is shabby genteel. Their appearance is one of dejection and dilapidation.

And why? Here I repeat my thesis. Here I clinch my argument. There came on, a generation ago, the movement that produced this transformation. Grant the whole contrast between the languors and lilies of virtue and the roses and raptures of vice, once choice is made in favor of the second, its price must be paid. That price is the ephemeral nature, the passing quality, the fleeting, temporary, evanescent process of all places that are thus progressive. Statesmen became politicians; this was their place of convention. Gaming became gambling; Canfield's place became world famous—and then infamous. The improvement of the breed of horses wrought the



degradation of a breed of men. The worldly-wise became the demimonde. The Nemesis of Mammon proved to be the poverty of riches. They came in who having all things possess nothing. Social climbers took possession and Society took flight. The town is now left stranded—save for what keeps it afloat. There are thousands here—of those all dressed up with no place to go. The huge hotels are empty—save for crowds of nobodies. Their very air of busy-ness gives a sense of vacuity. The streets are crowded with the ghosts of bygone multitudes whose shades lament the presence of a myriad of strangers. The resort keeps up a pitifully bold appearance; but Ichabod is written over all: Thy glory is departed.

I recall my advent on that August evening at the shambling railway depot. There were rows of horse-drawn hotel buses with upholstery that molted while you stroked it. There were drivers in discolored uniforms that simulated shrouds. Lumbering old horse-cabs stood about the station, indicative that the place was a Has-Been. Embarking, we traversed streets like those of one of the buried, or at least abandoned cities. We were in the region, to be sure, of the



Casino and Convention Hall, the largest hotels and the finest race-course in the world; but pawnshops and pool-rooms, auction-houses and second-hand furniture stores, were ten-fold more in evidence. There were avenues that led off at right angles to the alleged residential districts; but glances even there revealed the fact that these supposed palatial homes and cheapest boarding-houses were commingled. There were old frame houses, flagstone pavements, and well sprinkled streets; but these latter were so dimly lighted you expected to hear curfew ring at any moment. There were automobiles; but their occupants and chauffeurs were, the one dust-coated and the other duster-clad. There were piles of baggage; but these had been gathered, heaped, and piled, indicative of the penchant for touring and the merely road-house nature of this as place of abode.

I came upon the city under cover of the night-fall. This gave spell of mystery and softened its drab outlines. Everything I saw was interesting, but for reasons quite apart from their importance. They held my attention because they are more old-fashioned and yet more tinged with some ways European than any place else in the United States.

The reproduction of the House of Pansa is now a Masonic Temple; but it reminds one of nothing else this side Pompeii. In the old Canfield Casino one finds, made to order, something that will compare with the Kur Halle in the European health resorts. The great band-stand in the City Park, with its open-air concert; the Casino, with its ways of wickedness; the strings of red lights, hung about fiesta fashion—these reminded me of Monte Carlo, of an Austrian *tiergarten*, or an evening at the Lido outside Venice. In some ways, this place goes those places one better. Taking into account the callous types of people, this is the most coldly worldly place in all the world.

I brought up at the old Grand Union. I entered its huge blazing lobby and was shown to one of its low-ceilinged, dingy bedrooms. I observed the long, striped, faded awning dripping in the murky courtyard and the tipsy sunshades tilting over tables in what sometime had been moonlight. I deplored the smudgy gaslight and disliked the moldy odor of the long reception-hall where there was no one to receive. I observed the ante-bellum servants, the pre-Raphael adornment, and the earlier than Mid-Victorian

furniture. Every inch of this great rambling rookery is redolent of memories and reminiscent of the olden times; but it is suffering the maladies of old age; it is bald, blind, lame, and cadaverous.

I entered the one-time famous dining-room. Men are now living, successful and prosperous, who earned their way through college thirty years ago by selling stereoscopic views. One of these was that of this huge *salle à manger*. Its length has been shortened, its tables are tipsy, its linens are soiled, and there are, far scattered and alone at that, groups illy dressed, worse mannered, and engaged in reading copies only of the *Racing Form* or *Morning Telegraph*. The whole room seems as out of kilter as a foreign palace and the raucous head-waiter as nearly out of a job as a European king.

"Dancing in the Entente Room every evening 10:30. The Blue and White Marimba Band of Guatemala." Such announcement I read on a poster on the broad veranda. For the modern priestess of this ancient temple of enjoyment is Terpsichore the Second. Each courtyard has its outdoor platform. The Casino has its cabaret. There is music everywhere, good music. And

the dancing all is expert. Indeed its chiefest fault is its perfection. It is too well done. For, when one takes account of the practice that has made so perfect, he reflects with Herbert Spencer, commenting on the young man who played billiards too well: "It is the mark of a mis-spent youth."

I went out to walk on Broadway. I did this by evening; I did it again next morning. What a street of shops! And what a strange medley of merchandise! There were rows of shops around, within, and under the hotels. There were barber-shops and brokers' offices. Cigar stores elbowed jewelers' emporiums. Antique rooms kept company with boot-blackening establishments. Haberdashery was there in all its branches and the modiste offered every fig leaf. They were open all for business long past closing hours of evening. There were bargains that were past all credence. There were clearance sales at great reductions. There were all these things *ad nauseam*; but the very abomination of desolation was in that, huge rooms, once realm of fashion and fair women, are deserted save as places of display and scenes of barter. They are desecrated by Armenian sellers

of flimsy laces and near-furs, of shoddy gowns and phony gewgaws. It was like the desecration of the Temple, where the money changers were, and where were overthrown in wrath the seats of them that bought and sold.

I went forth again by morning. Still appeared more strange admixtures. Five-and-ten-cent stores *vis-à-vis* trust companies. Cheap movie places set the norm of entertainment. Trapsing, old, mud-covered, one-horse buggies jostled ninety horse-power touring cars. There were jitney buses; but they had jiu-jitsu drivers. There were many cafés, but few synagogues. There were churches, a few, many banks, and more hotels. There were antique parlors and modern dance studios. For this is a place of all conceivable anomalies; of kosher meat and cocktails; of many dogs and few children; of littered streets and garnished turf; of bankers and book-makers; of brokers and dead-brokers. Here is the cheapest crowd who pay the highest prices; here are minimum comforts at maximum rates; here are all the crudities of a country town, along this street misnamed—or nicknamed—Broadway.

And this leads me on to speak, I fear me, of some

human types—and not all favorably. Of these, there is as striking an admixture as of other sights I looked upon—and yet one race predominates. I did this looking chiefly next forenoon amid the concourse gathered in front of those long hotel piazzas. Here held court the book-makers, settling the scores of yesterday; here surged the followers of Pegasus and here spoke confidentially the prophets of what was to happen on the morrow—not to say, to-day. Here men transacted business and indulged such fellowship as must have been known in the old Forum at Appai; here as nowhere else in this country are enacted scenes as they were set in the old staging of the Rialto of Venice, or to-day in the bazars of Cairo and Constantinople. Here are characters from *Ivanhoe* and the *Merchant of Venice*; here are Priests of Malta; here are Pirates of Penzance and here are Brigands of Trieste. Here are men, aye, too, and women; the one discussing ways of making money, the other exchanging confidences where and how to spend it. The whole atmosphere is charged with sense of irresponsibility. There is the languid, loose abandon of those who have no standards of living. There are too many here of



those whose only resources are, not within themselves, but in their pocketbooks. They are members of a race so busy making money they have not had time yet to learn how to spend it.

In commodious quarters, in a building along Broadway, hard over against the Casino, is the "Office of the Saratoga Racing Association." I remarked above that the whole month of August is given up to these meetings of a strange fraternity. There are sessions of this séance every afternoon. Oh, yes, I went. But of that see my story of Reno, written on another journey, published in another volume. I did not stay long; no one needs to do this any second time. It is waste of endeavor to try to find anything of interest at such a place perpetually. He will not be edified, not even satisfied. For it is first discouraging and then distressing to discover how hard it appears to be, by law, to put an end to practices employed in such environments that all agree are detrimental. There were laws enacted recently that agitated the whole State of New York. But what a farce that prohibition is of betting at the ring-side! I read a printed notice posted prominently to the effect that "The

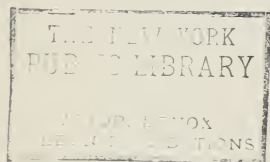
Public is hereby warned that disorderly conduct of any kind, pool-selling, book-making, or gambling of any character is prohibited on the grounds. By order of," etc. And yet I was told that, any day, no less than fifty thousand dollars is staked—and as many millions could be, for that matter. There are both the equipment and the opportunity, both the means and the men. I counted, of these latter, no fewer than fifty "Upon their lawful occasions" (*sic*).

I recall the spreading field, the paddock, and the club-house. The track was as level as a billiard table and the grand-stand crowded to the roof with a vast multitude, all deeply interested. I observed that the boy jockeys were as well-housed and well cared for as the caddies of most any golf course. That is not the trouble. Neither is there cruelty to horses. That is not objectionable. Nor yet is the fault in waste of time. These people are not busy. There is something else that is more radically wrong. In arriving at it, one would have to make a critique of the whole philosophy of gambling. Wherein is it wrong? It is so, most of all, in that the people who lose most are those who can afford it least. Fools have





Saratoga, The Races  
Courtesy, Delaware and Hudson Co.



to be defended from the consequences of their very folly. The weak have to be protected from the ravage of the strong. Even the bad must be restrained from the indulgence of their vices. All these types are here. Whether down in the paddock with the trainers, out at the rail with the owners, up in the boxes with their friends, under the grand-stand with the bookies, or up in the promenade alley, in the loft behind the band, it is evident that the procession there passing is not, to say the least, a Christian Endeavor Society on its way home from prayer-meeting. Yet a study of them is worth making.

For, more impressive than all else here is the human element; most important of all is the human equation. One problem here awaits solution; that is, why are they here? If you seek, of all this crowd, the greatest common divisor; if you would determine, of this mixed multitude, the least common multiple; if you would search the square root of this human arithmetic and arrive at the only logarithm of this utterly inhuman calculus, you will find that it is greed combined with gullibility. All these persons have both—and that in all degrees. Who are they? There

are big and little, old and young, both black and white, both men and women. There are children in years and the childish in manner. There are young men and old men, young women and old women. There are actresses gotten up to look like ladies and ladies whose chief attempt it is to look like actresses. And they both succeed; that is to say, they fail. For all disguise is useless and all subterfuge is needless; there are some marks paramount in all. Everyone has the same blasé look and the same hectic flush. Among the men also, there is the same conformity to type. There is an equal number of weak chins and fishy eyes. In fact, the whole crowd are well-dressed but not well-groomed; they are well-tailored but low-bred. They are witty but weak; they are as shifty as stupid; they are greedy and gullible. They ought to know that the only way to make money here, individually, is to take it from each other—which means having it taken away again. And yet they act as though it were possible, corporately, to lift themselves by their own boot-straps. Joy go with them? Alas! It will soon go from them.

I went back to the hotel. I found the pavement empty and the court deserted. I let my imagina-

tion serve for memory and tried to picture the so picturesque romantic chapters of that social life, now mellow with age but fragrant still with memories, whose scenes were laid at Saratoga though a hundred years ago. I saw the old dining-room with its hundreds of tables filling with gentlemen whose heads are held proudly erect by stiff stocks. There are crinoline ladies, with glossy locks, smiling at gallant escorts. Such were the Saratoga days and nights of our great grandsires who gave to this place its first vogue; for, memories of those halcyon days and Arabian nights still linger along the shaded boulevards and vast courts of the older hotels. I saw kaleidoscopic changes as the scenes slipped back a generation at a time. I saw Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, with his wife and children, who visited the Springs in 1825. I counted other notables who frequented these self-same hotels and shady streets. I considered the old trees, clad in vines of a half-century's training like delicate old lace. I watched the play of the fountain and the sunlit vistas through the shrubbery and the lengthening shadows on the lawn. A magnificent setting it was for gentlemen and ladies of those bygone

days; statesmen and stately dames, actors and stage beauties of world fame, who once sauntered over these green lawns and around these broad piazzas. I drew aside as the great Webster and his companion passed. I heard their comments on politics of the day. And I saw them stop while one swept the vast boundaries of the hotel in a splendid gesture and queried: "Dan'l, what's the country coming to with all this extravagance?"

And then I woke up. I was awakened rather from my reverie by steps upon the creaking porch-floor of the stragglers earliest returning from the only place of concourse now in all the afternoon. The sun was setting; but I could still read my guide-book. And the page I read began as thus: "The Indian name for Saratoga was 'Gift of the Great Spirit,' where Manitou first showed himself by stirring the waters." I began to wonder when they will be stirred again. Like phantoms of their former selves stand these great caravan-saries. Their trappings have all turned to tinsel. Their old ornaments are tawdry in the last extreme. They are as dowdy, unkempt, and disheveled, as dejected and dilapidated, as a princess now become a pauper. In sight are a few old

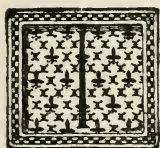
men, garbed early in dress suits for dinner. They keep up the practice from long force of habit. They alone will be so dressed this evening. They are hopeful; but such hope is doomed to die with them. They remind me of old Hidalgos, sitting in the porches of the Alhambra, waiting for the return of the Spanish Armada. It will never come back.



### CHAPTER III

## Peculiar Charm of the White Mountains

*How this Region Differs from all Others in America*



IN its ordinary use, the term White Mountains embraces all that area of thirteen hundred square miles, in the State of New Hampshire, from Mt. Waumbek on the north to the Sandwich Range on the south, a distance of thirty miles, and from the Maine frontier on the east to the Connecticut Valley on the west. On the one hand is a range and on the other a cluster: the White Mountains and the Franconias. They are each of a distinctive type. Only of one are the mountains bare; yet this range legitimately bears the name of White. It gives the note of color and this color gives cognomen to the whole. The others give something as valuable; they give their full share of beauty. Between these



two there is a third region, one with no name but bounded on two sides as sharply.

To represent all, therefore, imagine three huge links of an Odd-fellows' badge, laid on a map twenty-five by a hundred miles northeast-southwest. Picture their centers raised high, as though in bas-relief. Curve them slightly, like a chain not quite straight. Now take up the map and crumple it in mounds and valleys, peaks and crevasses. Two of these in particular will divide it into almost equal thirds. These are two valleys, sharp as creases laid in paper, the two "notches." The one is White Mountain Notch, whose entrance is at Crawford's and its exit at North Conway. The other is Franconia Notch, its gateway at the Profile, whence you could not if you tried lose your way clear out to North Woodstock.

Now cut away everything else from the map, as children cut out colored pasteboard pictures. Drop all else from memory. Forget how you got here. Especially, forget that you need ever go back home. That is the mood appropriate, the lethal frame of mind, the state of utter abandon, the relinquishment of all the senses to the

enjoyment of the charms of this place, with its sorceress-like power of enchantment.

For the peculiar charm of this place, the contrast between the White Mountains and all other mountain regions, while hard to define is as impossible not to feel. You begin to have this feeling at your very approach. That crisping of the air and crinkling of the land, which cause the locomotive's blasts to echo with unwonted sharpness from far quarters and with multiplied reverberations; those snow-brakes built along the storm side of the railroad; those little covered wooden bridges spanning streams so numerous; the sight of houses with their barns connected, wherein man and beast together hibernate, if snow-bound, for whole weeks or months in winter; the tidiness, the industry, the art to make the most of everything and to make much of almost nothing; something wholesome, fresh, refreshing in the air; pastoral regions dotted with small villages and farms apparently appendages of schoolhouses, these indicate a land wherein thrift, hard work, and contentment harmonize. In other words, here is New England.

Into this land of enchantment, I came by the

prosaic process of railway travel; but, the next day after my arrival, I joined friends on an automobile journey around the Ideal Tour. They were on that thousand-mile route from New York, a circuit than which there is no other in the world more wonderful. For three days we explored this mountain region, to and through and up and down. We doubled on our course, redoubled on it, and as thoroughly as leisurely covered every mile of these matchless roads.

Of the first day, I have a composite picture in my memory, a kaleidoscopic combination of glens, summits, mountains, and waterfalls; sunlight and shadows alternating; drifting mist and fleecy clouds; scenery now rugged and now pastoral; beauty delicate and ethereal; sights as sublime as beautiful; circuitous lanes through woodland reaches; narrow defiles between tall crag summits; long flat open stretches under beetling cliffs; the sound of falling water in the shade of soft green forests; the pellucid liquid in a dozen lakes; the sheen of brilliant sunlight on mile after mile of bare sloping rock surface; the whiff at midday of that odor known elsewhere only at twilight, in lone country lanes, where dews are heavy after

summer showers. I remember how we passed through long defiles, between broken-down mountain barriers; crossed basins that were erstwhile lakes, dried and grass-carpeted, and how we traversed odorous leagues, through balsam-bordered valleys damp and scented. Time after time we emerged on what looked like high summits and approached what we thought were the edges, only to find other heights and distant stretches above and beyond us; other mountains towering toward the sky and other velvet valleys verdure carpeted.

As a sort of resultant, from the second day some features began to stand out. The crust of this portion of earth's surface is so crumpled, upheaved, crevassed, convoluted, that the land seems to be set on edge; the water seems just to fall off. Mountain sides seem to slant steeper here than elsewhere and the water to flow off more swiftly. It seems not flowing at all in fact but leaping, jumping, wild, exultant, jubilant. There are mountains with peaks as steep as roofs and sides precipitous as walls. From those far heights, the water comes down in cascades, escapes through flumes, runs, rattles, fairly laughs and shouts—

like boys released from school and bounding off to play.

And water is not scarce in the White Mountains; you are seldom out of the sight of its flow or the sound of its rippling, splashing fall. There is no other sound quite similar. It seems to be neither sound nor silence. It is rather silence audible; as certain shades of moonlight, in deep forests, sometimes seem like darkness visible. Mountains and torrents, land and water, the one rising as the other falls, the first soaring apparently as the second descends actually; these phenomena together give motion and action, life and movement, to a picture of its kind so large as is seen nowhere else on earth.

These mountains, while incomparably grand, are equally as picturesque. They represent composite types of beauty. Some are wood-clothed; some are bare. Some are bald and some are snow-crowned. Some stand alone, like giant watch-towers; some, in series, stand like ramparts. There are crumbling towers, resembling ruined castles; there are lesser mounds that look like buttresses. There are ridges and there are peaks. There are slopes strewn with the splintered re-

mains of huge boulders and there are rugged clefts in solid rock masses. Beyond the timber line there is sub-alpine vegetation, and beyond this a sparse growth of little alpine flowers; then cold and colder, and at last, strangest anomaly, snow seemingly ablaze in sunshine. It reminds one of the liquid-air experiment in chemistry of freezing mercury in a white hot crucible.

But, if the mountains are sublime, the waterfalls are beautiful. Here is one, for instance, foaming, plunging, over and between ledges of polished granite; there is a rocky flume, raging, roaring as though animate. There are falls afar off, as frail and as delicate, as foam-white and as thin-thread-dawn, as cluny lace. Here is a mountain tarn that leaps a ledge and seems slowly to soar with bird-like motion to its nest below; there are the glittering splendors of cascades, falling—one cannot say flowing—for the rate of descent is one foot in five, more than a thousand feet to the mile. All end at length in lakes and come to quiet hushed repose. These lakes are sparkling jewels set in rings of emerald green. And the clouds! One cannot say they hang above the mountain tops; for often they come lower

than those summits. At times, they lie flat against the mountains' sides. Watch the sun shining through these. Go above and look down. If you are so fortunate, see one of them precipitate itself in rain, then form again in mist. After its bath, after the wind has combed, brushed, and perfumed its coiffure, as of waving hair—here is beauty typified, personified.

We strolled and walked and climbed. We traveled, by rail, by stage, and on foot. We had crossed, in arriving by the railroad, high trestles, over deep ravines; now we found, even along stage and auto roads, as many of those things known commonly as engineering feats. We walked the spruce and maple arches of Cathedral Woods. We paused on the grass-carpeted, fern-spotted and flower-decorated Intervales. We picked our way daintily across the pebbly bed of the Saco. We diverged at a dozen points where sylvan paths tempt otherwise tired but, for such exploring, always willing feet. We profited by the work of the Appalachian Mountain Club who, organized in 1876, and now numbering a thousand members, have done good service in making paths, setting up sign-posts, and preparing maps for pedestrians.



We followed trails along bare mountain slopes, the only way to mark which has been by building stone cairns.

We went above the clouds to see the sunrise. We saw white, compact, close-rolled waves come in and break hard against mountain sides, looking like white-crested rolls of surf, like so many billows of the ocean breaking at the bases of steep rock cliffs. We arrived in time to hear the little cannon fired off beside Echo Lake and learned where it is not safe to speak louder than in whispers. We climbed the Observation Towers at Bethlehem and on Mount Agassiz and had our views there of the Presidential Range, where every peak is mounted with a telescope and every tourist is provided with field glasses. We took the stage down through The Notch, and visited the Basin, Pool, and Flume. We climbed Mt. Willard and looked down upon a view which nothing I have ever seen in classic Rhineland equals. After we had gone up by the ratchet railroad, we walked down the nine-mile bridle path, over the slope of the range to the plateau, from the top of Mt. Washington.

Of that Mt. Washington ascent, the start we



made at Fabyan's. We crossed the intervening six miles on the branch line. Thence we were borne up the three miles of step-ladder like incline, constructed in 1896, to an altitude of 6290 feet. We came to Tip Top House, than which naught else could be quite so descriptively or so appropriately named. The first thrill came in crossing Jacob's Ladder, which seemed literally set up between heaven and earth. But the first chill had come long before. The vegetation, what there is of it, even below the summit, is that of the Arctic Circle. The temperature and botany are those of Middle Greenland, and the varying phenomena of frost-work, opening and closing clouds, sunrise and sunset, shadows and storms, afford ample resources for a college of meteorology. These are of interest even to a person so unscientific that he does not know an anemometer from a megatherium. Suffice it to say, for mere illustration, that the temperature is seldom above fifty degrees, even in summer; while, in winter, it is often far below fifty below. A velocity of wind has been measured up to 186 miles and a low temperature has been recorded of sixty degrees minus. Think what must happen when these both occur at once!

But we came up here to see rather than to feel; to view a landscape, not to shiver. Elsewhere one may speak of landscape; here the proper word is panorama. Out over the nearer juttings of dark cones and pyramids, spires and minarets we looked; out over peaks each one a mile high, to points each a hundred miles and more away: Wachusett, in Massachusetts, 126 miles; Monadnock, in New Hampshire, 104 miles; Old Whiteface, in the Adirondacks, 130 miles. In the distance are the Rangeley Lakes. Beyond those are the mountains on the Canadian border. Portland and the ocean are visible to the east. Lakes Ossipee and Winnepesaukee, with Mt. Chocorua between them, lie in the foreground. Here are Giants' Stairs and there are the Lakes of the Clouds.

Yet, look again! There are the mountains of Vermont, the district around Lake Champlain; the fair valley of the Connecticut; Old Orchard Beach; even the Isle of Shoals. Turn just once more. This time look on those nearer: the Presidential Range, running thirteen miles from Mt. Madison northeast-southwest, ascending by way of Adams, Jefferson, to Washington; and on, in

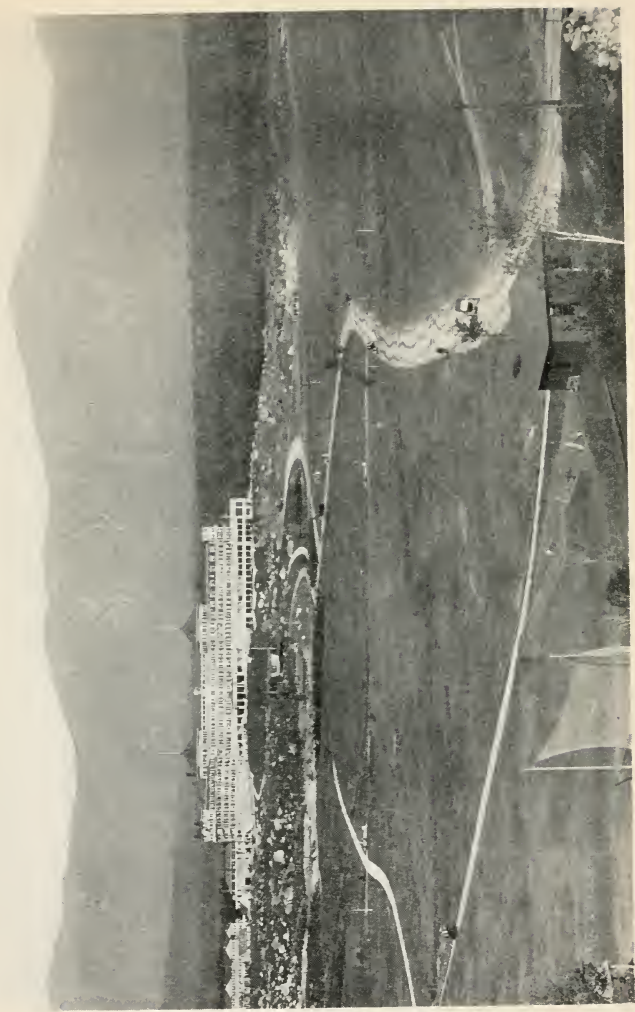
steps descending, Monroe, Jackson, on to Webster, as of one not quite arrived; symbolic of the disappointment, at his life's end, the life's aim death-shortened, the life-long hope and the death-doomed disappointment of a great aspirant not quite become president.

What the eye, aided by a field-glass, cannot see in actuality, a guidebook or a map can locate in imagination. Here is the Ammonoosuc Valley, between Fabyan's and the foot of this mountain. There are Crawford, Carter, Dixville, and Franconia Notches; Table Rock, at Dixville and Lake Gloriette; the Maplewood and Bethlehem; Jefferson, where is the Waumbek Hotel; Lake Winnepesaukee, "Smile of the Great Spirit," with the Weirs beside it, each a hotel center of a cottage colony; Mt. Cannon, so much more high than it is broad that it must be printed lengthwise on the souvenir post cards; the Flume and the Glen, Twin Mountains and the Intervales, four corners where in turn are four hotels, the Mt. Washington, Crawford's, Bethlehem, and the Profile House.

There is only one thing more amazing to the neophyte than this mountain; that is, the hotel

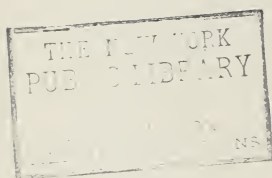
at its foot. If the one is the acme of the works of nature, the other marks a like triumph among the works of man. Here is probably the finest summer hotel in America. It is a haunt of city luxury in a mountain fastness. Here are the refinements of winter life in the summer haunts of the refined. Here are the comforts of the wealthy in this resort of the leisure-loving. Here is a place where those foregather who ask for the best, always; who care what it costs, never. This is the chiefest of a half-dozen world-famous houses in this region: Fabyan, Crawford, Profile House, the Maplewood, Mt. Pleasant, and Mt. Washington. There are lesser houses, naturally; but the norm here is of elegance; and this is the most elegant.

Bretton Woods is the center of life and activity, as it is on the map the center geographically of this region. Here is the summit of the Divide, where waters of one summer shower flow, some through the Saco River to Maine, and thus to the sea; some into the Connecticut, and thence into Long Island Sound. Here, on this watershed, is a plateau, fertile, flat, expansive, amphitheater in shape, tier upon tier mountain-saucered in



Bretton Woods, White Mountains

Courtesy, N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R. Co.



size. It is inclosed on all sides, save where two passes let you in and let you out, like gateways to some earth-sized Colosseum.

In the center of this plateau, in elevation fifteen hundred feet, surrounded by mountains that rise each five thousand feet, in sight of two main groups, in lee of the serrated Presidential Range, to windward of that clump-shaped cluster, the Franconias, at the convergence of all roads, at the confluence of four lines of travel, as far from the Androscoggin's flow on one side as the Ammonoosuc's on the other, not far from the Profile nor much farther from the Flume, within an hour's reach of Bethlehem, in sight of Crawford's and Twin Mountains, hard over against Fabyan's, at the very foot of Mt. Washington—here is Bretton Woods.

The thing that most of all impresses one here is the sumptuous elegance of everything he comes upon: the completeness, finish, note of permanency, about this whole mountain resort. Of all the features that impress him thus, the most impressive, of course, are these hostelries. They are not summer hotels, as those are commonly conceived. They are not mushroom growths; they are fixed,



abiding. Each has its sumptuous suites, luxurious furnishings within, and broad, interminable porticos without.

This is the first place one has ever been where things equal in actuality the pictures one has seen of them. The fact is, the best portraitures of places here are photographs. Each thing, when you come upon it, is like some fond fancy, some creation of a dream. All the elements are here included that you have known elsewhere, all the occupations, all the idlenesses, all the beauties, the refinements, their tools and their implements. Everything is of a finer quality, done on a larger scale, at greater cost of care and skill and time and more expenditure of money than elsewhere.

The Profile House is beside Echo Lake. This is the center of one of the fairest scenes of sylvan beauty in the world, a place which water, mountain, lake, and climate all combine to make ideal. More, this is the principal tourist resort of these several, because it is beside the only road by way of which they can pass through the Franconia Notch. And all must pass that way to see four things, not to see which were not to have spent time here to advantage. Within this Notch



there are inclosed more objects of picturesque wild beauty than in any other one place in New England. Those four in particular are the Profile, the Basin, the Pool, and the Flume. All are weird, uncanny, natural, and yet unnatural rock formations.

The first, appearing suddenly around a corner as you approach, is 1200 feet above the lake's surface, although even there it is at the base of a cliff almost as much higher. It is variously known as the Profile, the Old Man in the Mountain, and the Great Stone Face; a countenance as melancholy as the Buddha, as silent as Gautama, and as noncommittal as the Sphinx. The Indians had many legends to account for it. To them it was an object of worship, long before it was to others one of interest or of mere curiosity. It still speaks silently one message. It can only be seen as you pass over space of a very few feet. If you walk a few paces too far either way, the features confuse, then the image fades, and now the whole has vanished: fit symbol of the fleet passing of life—its origin, its destiny, its brevity—"So soon passeth it away and we are gone."

From here a line of stages runs, through the

Notch, past the Flume Hotel, all the way to North Woodstock. I rode part way down and walked back. Which two facts illustrate two processes, both common here, less popular elsewhere: travel by stage and short excursions afoot. Either way, one meets potpourri of travelers, these by strange mixture of vehicles and in motley procession. I met walking parties, mountain climbers, khaki-clad campers, kit-laden buckboards, coaching parties, and belated bicyclists. Old-fashioned, high-top, low-swung, strap-spring, under-slung stages lumbered along, content to be passed by spick-span new tallyho types drawn by four, sometimes six, horses.

But ten-fold more than all other things, on every other kind of wheel combined, ubiquitous, iniquitous, and omnipresent, over-riding, outstriding, outnumbering, outjostling, exceeding as in number so in noise and odor and annoyance, there were automobiles. There were motors, autocratic, democratic, plutocratic, juggernaut. Now, there is a place for automobiles in White Mountain travel, a place nothing else can supply; but then there is such a thing also as keeping somewhere nearly in one's place. Also, there are

reasonable limits to all things—even to luxuries. Some of us walk this way for pleasure. We love to travel; we are fond of nature; we dwell out of doors; we have heard them prate that this is why they are here also. Lord ha' Mercy! Nature worship in this mad-house? Why, the hymn-like songs of birds, the intoned litanies of waterfalls, the wild orchestral music of cascades, the organ, harp, and viol harmony of forest, air, and stream, are drowned in the rude pandemonium of honk-honk, siren, rattle, screech, and rumble; the fresh incense-like perfume of flowers is all obliterated in a cloud of dust; the very air is made malodorous with stench of gasoline, and every green twig by the roadside, within reach or sight, is soiled, splotched, spattered, coated with mud, caked, baked, smeared with rubber refuse and coal-oil.

But the Flume itself? It is worth any digression to arrive here finally. Here is one of those things no photograph can exaggerate, no artist overpaint, no press-agent overadvertise. It is one of the most wonderful of Nature's wonders. Rather it is one of her playthings. I entered the gate of a sort of pasture-preserve, bordering a scraggly woodland where a sign-board beckoned

timorously. There is no other indication that enchantment lies that way. A man collects a five-cent toll and is apologetic, asking if it seems too much. He has his little joke when I come back and smiling asks: "Well, was it worth it?"

A path more than a mile long stumbles tipsily through empty field and flimsy wood. I see myself still treading that long, hot, dry, dusty route. I am tempted to turn back, but am dissuaded by expressions on the faces of those whom I meet returning. At length, of a sudden, I am there. No. It is here. It comes upon me, rather than I upon it. Alive it seems, aquiver with action and motion, ringing with the sleigh-bell sound of water racing rapidly and filling the air with its spray, white as the drifting snow.

To try to speak in terms of definition, a flume is an upright fissure in the rocks where the walls rise high on either side in a perpendicular line. This one is seven hundred feet long; its sides rise to a height maybe of fifty feet and are but ten or twenty feet apart. Adown this narrow ravine rushes a frantic torrent with delirious energy. "Up the Flume" means the ascent, by a sort of board-path stairway, maybe one or two out of

this ten or twenty feet in width, as steep in its climb as is the water in its flow precipitous.

There are no descriptive terms here that connote reality. You cannot see or hear or feel this by another's senses. You must hear the rattle of the water: it is so hard driven that its sound is metallic. You must note its rate of running; apparently it runs faster than water elsewhere would fall. You must feel the cold refreshing chill, after your hot trudge; it is like the foam of soda water, colder even than ice. You must smell the odor of the ferns, kept green and growing by being constantly damp and always shaded. You must realize the majesty of earth's creative forces, that have cleft such solid rock asunder and have left a groove as sharply cut as though with a chisel.

And so deep, so narrow, long and high it is. Climb slowly up the wooden stair-like path and don't look back until you reach the top. Here you stand on a rough-hewn platform, with a railing, every inch of which is pen-knife carved, lead-pencil inscribed with rude monograms and with impromptu epithets. Yonder the Boulder hung. Beneath is now a rock-fragment-strewn chaos, since its fall and consequent crash into fragments

in 1883. At my elbow almost is the point the water enters by a cascade. It pauses a moment, as if conscious and as if in terror. It turns pale with the fright of its enforced leap when it finds itself entrapped. Nor does its pallor lessen, neither does it stop for breath again, until the ordeal is ended.

Of the Flume itself, its narrowness is its distinctive feature; the rate of the water's flow, and not its volume; the icy chill of its cold clarity; the clear beauty of its purity. The walls are green-covered with moss; the surbase is decorated with ferns and the little twigs of spruce and birch make the figure complete. They are the borders of a fresco reaching to the blue sky-ceiling. That mountain away off yonder, far and high and inaccessible, its fir top rising to the sky, is as the pile of some old giant's castle, only an up and down strip of which I can see through the window at the end of this long, ceilingless stone hallway.

The next day I did the Crawford Notch. The notches are two links a dozen miles apart at their gateways. They are the earth-cut crevasses between two each of this three-link raised moun-

tain region. Through this second runs the railroad. To all day-trains observation cars are attached, glass-enclosed on both sides, from Fab-  
yan's down to Bartlett's and returning, fifteen miles each way. The gateway here, two thousand feet above sea level, is at once that of the railroad and the carriage road. The one creeps along the mountain side, the other descends through the valley. It descends so far and runs its course so windingly that it appears at length to trickle like a stream marking in white a mere thread in the green valley below.

At the start, this wall we climb out along is so close to the mountain opposite that we look flat over against the one from off the other. Then, by a sudden swoop descending, we curve on our course so crookedly we seem to lose our way. Below is a great gorgeous expanse. Never before, unless from a balloon, did you come so near to looking straight down on earth's surface. You feel as though lifted clear of everything, suspended in the air. You pass along the gallery-like edge of a tree-carpeted half-dozen-mile diametered, huge amphitheater, its color miles of green draped with acre spots here and there of landslided gray bare



stone surface, in shape an oval crookedly elongated, in size as big as all outdoors.

See, yonder, that cascade where the water descends in three leaps from a height of 250 feet. See graceful Silver Cascade, with a total fall of nine hundred feet. It is not the fault of Nature that Mt. Webster has no coat. Vegetation has done its pitiful best to grow, while the ascent grew steeper, ever steeper. But when things became straighter than straight; when the mountain leaned over backward, land and all just had to slide off. And the water naturally falls—when the surface curves inside of a straight perpendicular.

That is Willey Brook Bridge, spanning, as a barefoot boy would take a running jump from rock to rock, the space between Mt. Willey and Mt. Willard. And that? That was the Frankenstein, the dizzy trestle, one five-hundred foot cliff-to-cliff span. Yonder, in view, are home sites made famous by Dr. Bemis and Abel Crawford. Willey House recalls Hawthorne's story of the landslide, August, 1826. Yonder is Mt. Resolution, in line with the Giants' Stairs. That triple peak is Mt. Carrigan. See Dismal Pond?



See the Brook Kedron? See Nancy's Brook and Sawyer's River? Each one of these has its own legend which all passengers, talking at once, are trying each one to be first in reading from their guidebook to the other. Close proximity promotes acquaintance; conversation does not want for topics. In the same way that surprise or sudden fear call out explosive exclamation and remove conventional restraint, so never knowing it everyone exchanges comment with his neighbor. By the time we have reached Bartlett's, this party is like one of small boys on a bob-sled. The motion too is much the same, and likewise the next impulse: you want to turn, to go back up the hill and do it all over again. And you may. You may reverse the route and repeat the experience. The next train up takes this car back. It leaves here in ten minutes.

The while I wait, I turn some pages and con some facts unfamiliar. That region we have just traversed, and shall again returning, has wealth not alone of scenic splendor but of legendary lore. There are places near and far faithfully named to make historic otherwise forgotten heroes, hunters, landlords, hermits, devotees. There are myths

of the Indian's disembodied spirit, Cassandra; stories of Chocorua, the medicine man of the Soposis; legends of the Indian Chief Passaconaway translated from the summit of Mt. Washington in a chariot of fire; traditions of old Joseph Whipple, famous early Indian fighter, and of English Jack, the Hermit of the White Mountains. There is Willey House, with its true fiction of the family caught in the awful avalanche, and there is Nancy's Brook, with its legend of a young woman's heroism, devotion, and death.

There are tales, too, of ambition and achievement, from that of Darby Field, the valiant Irishman who, with two Indians for guides, left Portsmouth in 1632, penetrated the wilderness, and was the first white man to climb Mt. Washington; to the later feat of Sylvester Marsh, inventor of the ratchet cog-wheel locomotive for the railroad up its side, in 1858. And there are places named for later apostles: Barron's Camp and Edmond's Turn-off, Swansey's Land and Mt. Stickney. You will hear much of Starr King and Theodore Parker, of Hawthorne and of Helen Hunt, buried at Bethlehem. There is Tuckerman's Ravine, where lies the latest snow to leave the

mountains each spring; Mt. Agassiz, named for the devoted scientist who declared he "had not time to make money"; Stickney Memorial Chapel at Bretton Woods and Beecher's Cascade—where the Brooklyn Boanerges once was inadvertently baptized.

Of all the locations for hotels, that of the Crawford House excels perhaps in beauty by diversity. It is at the head of the long, steep, narrow defile, as you break through the gateway coming up. There the two mountain sides separate only by twenty-five feet. There, with every circumstance attendant of climax, is a broad, high, level plateau. Even though thus elevated, it is still a valley, nestling, mountain-enfolded; cool, yet sheltered; broad, expansive but protected; garden-cultivated, in contrast to the tall rugged mountains beside it. The profound depths of the Saco Valley and the summit of Mt. Washington are both in sight at once. All which suggests variety, facility for many forms of pleasure, a diversity of opportunity, for those whose tastes in pastime vary.

But one day's journey more, to Bethlehem and Maplewood, is necessary to complete orientation.

Here are thrift, tidiness, a settled order, strict economy, repose at hand, uninterrupted views afar, peace, quiet, and sobriety, good climate and good manners and good morals. Here everything is in repair; every house is well built; every piece of ground is graded; every embankment is sodded; every building is painted white; the roads are not littered; streams are not polluted; fences are not overgrown. Contrasts there are too that are contradictions. Things hard to believe elsewhere are here the merest commonplace. There are the long rows of noble maples from which the place takes its name. But once you learn this you must forget it; for that is not its name. The town is Bethlehem; Maplewood is only the hotel. The town is two miles hence and, because midway are these two miles of sidewalk, the whole is called Bethlehem Street. Think of a mountain of firs, where only maples grow; a street, without houses; cultivated fields, without weeds; a boardwalk, made of planks; a footpath, without pedestrians; a mountain stream, without water, and a pump—a pump without a handle. For it is no pump. Turner's Pump is Turner's Spring; and to it there is tied the legend that whoever drinks

therefrom shall one day return as to the Fountain of Trevi in Rome.

Aye. Hear ye! And there are hay fields without hay fever. Consequently, here is refuge, haven, harbor, sanctuary, for those who so suffer elsewhere that they come here seeking relief. Bethlehem is visited annually by twenty thousand guests. What surcease from what thousand million sneezes! For hay fever is no respecter of persons. Who knows once knows well the dull, wheezing, choking pain by day and the bedless, sleepless torture of the night; knows the valorous part discretion plays and the value in fighting it of flight. *The Echo*, published here, pronounces itself, whether sternly or in jest, "Official Organ of the Hay Fever Association." In front of the Methodist Church, I read announcement on a blackboard: "Hay Fever Convention To-day." If misery loves company, surely here it has it. To think, that sorrow can be turned to joy so easily; necessity be made a virtue while you wait.

There are gorgeous views from Maplewood. All the pictures here have deep foregrounds. The golf links are the best, and the Casino is in keeping. Here are a post-office, a general store, com-

petition in the photographic business, and a quadrilateral of churches. The hotels are strung along two sides of that three-mile street as uniformly as peas in a pod and as much like one another as the sea god's daughters. The entire population of all those hotels appeared to be assembled out on those verandas. Here were happiness, peace, and contentment, rest, repose, rejuvenation.

I came back from Bethlehem that afternoon by train to Fabyan's and walked from the station to Mt. Washington hotel. I trod the pathway leading across that part of the mile-wide expanse, that picture-foreground, lawn-fête leveled, prairie-sized, putting-green cared for, boulder-ornamented broad, green valley, that field laid out by landscape engineers and finished by flower gardeners. The pen is not forged that is facile enough to describe all the changes of scene any one day in that nature-made, man-improved paradise. It had rained two hours before; it had cleared as suddenly. The mists, which had been scattered, diffused and fleecy, gathered themselves together in real clouds and, having risen from the mountains to the sky, as the clouds thus formed took on new

outline, the sun shone out from behind them, and the mountains in their turn flared white as snow.

I remember the sheen of the sunlight; the soft velvet slopes of mountains, edging off to bare bright summits; the cool balsam-scented air, so bracing almost as to be intoxicating; the rippling sound of running water in the boulder-strewn bed of the Ammonoosuc; the graceful lines of the landscape, as far up as down the valley; the immaculate tidiness, orderliness, and newness of the awning-ornamented and red-roofed hotel; the long stables, garages, and adjunct out-buildings, painted green to match the forest shades; the playing of the fountains; the whirl of the motor-driven mowers; the click of laborers' shears trimming grass mounds and hedgerows; the tea booths, pagodas, and pergolas; the flowers growing, fountains playing, flocks of sheep feeding on the golf courses, and caddies dressed in red sweaters, like flags wigwagging while they worked; the bowling green, the cries of "Fore" from groups of golfers, and the melody of bells in tune that chimed the quarter hours in that low church tower. And all this was simply a true typical White Mountain day.



## CHAPTER IV

### Spending a Week-End at Newport

*Pen Picture of a Place where Summer Elegance has  
Reigned Supreme*



NEWPORT is the capital of Rhode Island; but no one ever thinks of that. It is of Newport the resort that one thinks first; of the one place in America now fit to rank as a watering place with Monte Carlo, Aix-les-Bains, Baden-Baden, or Ostend before the war—that is, of “Newport, the Queen of the Cliff.”

And well does it deserve the name. For, in the two great systems, those of business and of pleasure, in this Western world, while there are many nerve centers each, there are only two ganglia. In these originate every policy and movement and from these proceed every fad and fashion. The one prompts men to work, the other to play. What Wall Street is in the world



of finance, Newport is in the social world—the foremost, the biggest, the best.

The most marked of all the characteristics of Newport was impressed upon us not only the moment we reached it but the moment we began to look the route up on the map before starting. Its very inaccessibility bespeaks its exclusiveness. Unless one owns a yacht, it takes half a dozen hours to reach the place from New York, and that although it is not much more than a hundred miles away. To Wickford Junction, on the Shore Line—that is simple enough. But, from there on, there are three changes. These involve a branch railroad and three quarters of an hour's ride on a boat. That little boat line in its day, however, has carried more distinguished people than any single ocean liner.

The morning we boarded it, the ferry-boat-like meandering craft found its way at the end of a tortuous journey through a region of breakwaters, lighthouses, and fortresses, into a harbor which is one of the best roadsteads in the world and which, as a result, is always full of every size and sort of vessel, from old rigged whaling schooners anchored there to stay, to the pleasure yachts and launches that swarm around them.

The one represents the old Newport, the other the new. For, whereas the old was a place of work, the new is essentially a place of play. The kind of vessels now predominating therefore are types of steam and sailing pleasure craft, from little twenty-foot cat-boats to sloops and schooners of the racing class; from the little gasoline or naphtha launches to the ocean-going steam yachts of the Vanderbilts, the Goelets, or the Goulds.

After we had run a regular gauntlet of cabs, hacks, motor buses, carriages, and automobiles at the landing we emerged to find friends waiting for us. They had come to meet us, driving an electric runabout. Up we climb and are away at first through streets that are so crooked one might easily lose one's way; then out into those broader streets where are the shops of the small tradesmen who rely for their annual livelihood upon the profits of the summer months alone; then on, through Touro Square, past Perry's Monument and past the Old Stone Mill, about which Longfellow weaved the verses of his *Skeleton in Armor*.

We turned into Thames Street, where are the candy, fruit, and flower stores, haberdashers',

stationers', and photographers' places: stores full of wares, from magazines to Oriental rugs, and places of all sorts from those of gown-architects to caterer-contractors; then past the Club House and the Reading Room to the Casino which at this hour is fairly alive with color and animation. Then with double the speed, for now the course is broad and straight, we went out Bellevue Avenue, along which every house stands behind its own fence with creepers and behind gateways which themselves are works of art and which hide every house from every other and from the too curious observers.

Such an orientation convinces one that, next after its exclusiveness, the most pronounced quality of this summer place is its elegance. The whole landscape is one of beauty. To be sure, much of the whole is artificial, but there is no place in the world where landscape gardening has produced such effects. It has been well named the Rose Garden of America. Then those stone villas, granite châteaux, marble palaces, and ornate mansions! Their owners call these places "cottages." In reality they resemble cottages about as closely as a New York department store

does a corner grocery in a country town. Some are great granite excrescences on the edge of the cliff, roomy enough to shelter each a regiment; some have towers and turrets as large as those on mediæval castles, and the grounds about still others look like great English ancestral parks.

Each of the homes has its name, some famous because of the people who live in them, some because of the clever way in which these names hit off some local peculiarity, and others because of notable things that have happened in them. As specimens, recall The Breakers, The Elms, Bellcourt, and Beacon Rock. Still others are Land's End, The Crossways, Ocean View, and Sea Verge. While scattered far there are Stone Acre, The Rocks, The Poplars, and The Willows. Yonder is a magnificent palace which cost two million dollars and has often been occupied only four months in as many years. Some of these places are visions of beauty; but others are of the kind that Matthew Arnold would have called "Great fortified posts of the barbarians." They are buildings whose architecture ought to be photographed once merely to preserve them as curiosities and then immediately destroyed.

Next after the question where Newport people live comes the query: What do they do? The fact is the people here differ less than is supposed from other people and their summer pleasures differ from those of their fellows not at all except in so far as there are more of these pleasures and in so far, consequently, as the people play more arduously. The Newport day is long. It has to be, in order to accomplish all that is to be done. Early rising is not imperative; but early bedtime is unusual. Between these two ends of each day there are set rounds of driving, tennis, bathing, sailing, polo, golf, yachting, automobiling, dressing, dining, and dancing.

Each day has its regulated round of duties and the centers of life every day succeed each other in due course. The first of these in the forenoon is the Casino. In old books one reads of such addresses as "At the Sign of the Crown" or the "Rising Sun" or the "Eagle" or the "Lion." These were really signs once, in the old days in an older country, used to distinguish shops and inns at a time when few people could read. That is not the reason why to-day—but it does suggest what would be the appropriateness—of calling

this place "At the Sign of the Clock," for its most prominent feature is a great stone clock-tower, matted in green growing ivy. On special forenoons hereabouts the hollow square is filled with hundreds of handsomely dressed men and beautifully gowned women who parade the greensward and listen to the concerts. For, strange as it may seem, with all the rush of existence here, Newport still finds time to listen to music, and good music at that. At times also, inside this hollow square, one may see games of the best tennis played in America. Newport never did give up tennis, and now there is no place where it is watched with more interest or played with more skill.

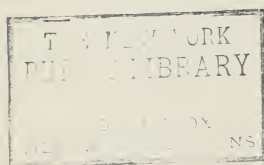
From here at noon to Bailey's Beach goes everybody for a dip. It is at this hour that this, the most exclusive bit of shoreline in the world, is at its height of splendor. The entrance is through a gateway in a wall of solid masonry, bearing above it the grim sign: "Bathing Pavilion. No Admittance." There has always been a public bathing place, Easton's Beach, down toward the pier; but many years ago the cottagers withdrew from this and fitted up Bailey's for the exclusive use of





The Horse Show, Newport

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themselves, their friends, and their guests. For an outsider to step on that bathhouse piazza would be an unheard-of thing. But no one ever cares or tries to do so. Any one would have a legal right to enter the enclosure; but what would be the use? The right of entering it does not carry with it even the possibility of bathing; for there are no public bathhouses. Of the private ones, however, there are three hundred or more.

After luncheon many parties—and single members of what were parties before—go off to follow each their own devices. A part of the early afternoon, that is, so much of it as is not monopolized by tennis, is given up to other sports. Golf has lost and regained its prestige many times in passing years, although it always has some enthusiasts, and many even of those who do not play frequent the course and drop in at the Club House, where friends may be seen, where there is music sometimes, and where a cup of tea is always served. This decline of sports from favor has been paralleled in the same period by the corresponding rise to popularity of automobiling. In its turn it has developed into a regular mania. All through every afternoon big and little motor-

cars of all sizes and descriptions fly up and down the Avenue and through the city's side streets; while far out over all the country roads there race the Paul Reveres of a motor age.

Third and last, but not least, of these various afternoon diversions, is another. It is emphatically the thing here for everybody, young and old, to go a-yachting—seasickness being quite out of date. These journeys are not made in the afternoon only, nor even for a single day, but sometimes for whole weeks. The place has always been a favorite rendezvous for yachtsmen, the harbor being considered one of the safest anchorages on the Atlantic coast. Here the yachts of the millionaire members of the New York Yacht Club put in, making the harbor a picturesque spot for the week of the Club's Annual Cruise. During this week the handsome vessels lie here thick as those renowned autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. The yachts in question have had, not only such ordinary names as *Emerald* and *North Star*, but such extraordinary ones as *Corsair*, *Nahma*, *Alvena*, *Tarantula*, and *Nourmahal*.

The entertaining on many of these yachts serves

as an instance of the luxury of modern times. Parties go sailing now under conditions that would have seemed like a fairy tale long years ago and guests are entertained in a style of regal magnificence. Very recently, merely to remodel one of these boats, to add a few such touches as a tasteful woman might suggest, cost fifty thousand dollars. It is typical of a whole class. On it there is a dining-room big enough for a banqueting hall; a drawing-room, extending the full width of the ship; two private suites of rooms for the owners, a score of cabins for guests, smoking rooms, lounging rooms, and a shade deck where at night lanterns hang and where by day hammocks, lounges, reclining chairs, and every other device for comfort invite guests to repose. There is an old saying that "money is never mentioned in polite society; its possession is taken for granted." One decides that it would need to be when one thinks of these and other items of expense.

Between times, of an afternoon, people find time to stroll along the Cliff Walk. This wonderful cliff rises above the glistening waters of the bay, is swept by Neptune's coolest breath, and bathed in the clear light of a sun whose rays are tempered

by the fleecy, silver clouds that blow across it. This equally wonderful walk is an asphalt pavement, twelve feet wide, continuing for several sinuous miles along the top of the cliff. It is in reality merely a continuous succession of separate pathways through the back portions of those estates which face on Bellevue Avenue. It joins at its two ends—or rather it separates by that distance—Easton's Beach and Bailey's Beach. Along the route there are such well-known points as Purgatory, Dumpling Rocks, and the Forty Steps. These last cut off Bellevue Avenue from Narragansett Avenue and will lead wanderers whose steps are so inclined to Lover's Lane, along the beach below. It is the very existence of such a lane which proves that, as David Harum says, "There is as much human nature in some folks as there is in others and sometimes a little more."

A ride along the Ocean Driveway, the Ten-Mile Drive, filled up our time from four to six o'clock. This whole avenue, for all these miles, with its splendid life and movement, is a brilliant panorama, a very cinematograph of fashion plates, a procession of carriages and automobiles, and of all accepted types. After this drive, it is time for

one to drop in at the Reading Room to see friends, open the evening mail, and thence go home to dress for dinner. But to fill up the catalogue of daily doings at this busy place, there are as many incidental happenings which, along with the foregoing regular ones, may be expected any day. There are afternoon teas and receptions. There are musicales, lawn fêtes, beach picnics, entertainments, and receptions following one another with marvelous and uncomfortable celerity. Practically every evening during the season has at least one distinguishing function, while some—inasmuch as the days are few and the functions many—must have two or three. Those who, as many there be, are invited to all, must make the rounds often on one evening of a dinner, an evening entertainment, and a midnight ball.

It is permissible perhaps to describe one house impersonally. The entrance to the house on this night was through a splendid glass and marble arcade into what on the ground floor was the very acme of luxury. The large hall was a veritable glow of color. The walls of the rooms were covered with crimson silk, while all about smooth rounded pillars and bright polished rails shone

lustrous. The floors were covered with rugs, marvels of Oriental light and shade. The chairs were deep and soft, luxurious in upholstery and carving, fit for coronation seats for kings. There were bronze figures and marble statues that gleamed against a pleasing background, while around the border of the ceiling was painted one of the most beautiful friezes in America. On either side of the hallway, front and back, there were the drawing-room and dining-room, the library, rich in rare volumes, and the music hall, with a great pipe organ built into the wall. In the rooms themselves were Versailles furniture, Louis Quinze chairs, Ménard portraits and Fortuny pictures, Beauvais draperies and Gobelin tapestries. In fact one could detect no difference between the interior of this mansion, standing by itself in the center of the vast lawn in the country, and the interior of that family's other mansion in the heart of the great metropolis.

And just as there is an order for the day, so there is a regular course of events for the season. June is the month of Newport's awakening, July the month of its true outdoor diversion, and August the period when the magnificent villas are enjoyed

to the fullest. The season is formally ushered in on the Fourth of July. It is as formally closed by the Open-Air Horse Show held the second week in September. July is often attended by a lack of gaiety and a dearth of men, which two things may by some chance be synonymous. But when the ides of August have arrived each year they find the summer season in full swing, approaching its zenith, with a daily round of gaiety and merri-ment that it would be impossible to equal anywhere else in the world. During September, his equine majesty holds sway for half a dozen days, and then Society winds up its summer season and begins to plan its autumn pleasures.

The real history of Newport, if properly written, would be a complete history by stages of the Summer Social Life of the United States. In that history there have been four stages:

First there was that in which this was an old, provincial seaport; secondly, that in which it was a quiet, summer place, having located here the first of the so-called summer hotels; thirdly, that period of cottage life in which hotels were eliminated entirely, and then the era of the building of these costly country mansions. To be sure, the place



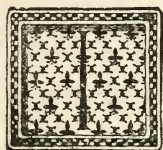
has lost much of its own positive character and originality of late years through contact with ideas not its own and some would contend that those who now frequent the place do not have the good times that their parents had. But then that, of course, is their affair.

It is a pity, in a way, that people are inclined to take Newport so seriously; for it is to-day a place of fads, caprices, changing moods, and of inconstant standards. The attention of the country has been too much focused on the place during the last score of years as a sort of vaudeville show set in an amphitheater of blue waters, and acted on a stage spread like the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It is true that the place is tinged by lavish expenditure, that the families here are not all of assured social position although they have a thorough knowledge of the world, and that, of these, some enjoy nothing so much as to dazzle others, now that they have passed the stage of being dazzled themselves. But, then, there are others. And of these are the majority.

## CHAPTER V

### In the Adirondack Wilderness

#### *Descriptive Discourse on the Land of the Bark Eaters*



T was the puffing of the engine waked me up. We must have been on a steep grade. We must have been there for a long while to have attained an altitude accountable for such a change of temperature. The air was cool, refreshing, vitalizing. I was breathing it in consciously before I was half-consciously awake. Things were not so in New York, where I left last night. There, it was 98° at 8 P.M.; here, it is 58° at 5 A.M.

Positioned on one elbow, squinting through a hole in the dust-dimmed screening of the ventilator window of a berth, while within as without the car everything is jostled, jumbled, both with motion and in vision, these may not be the most fortunate circumstances under which to gain a first impression; yet one cannot help but notice,

even thus, that one is in an unfamiliar and unusual environment. He is entering the Adirondacks.

The massed, dense thickness of the forest through which a way for the railroad has been hewn; the close proximity of pine trees by the thousand, standing straight and close together as the bristles of a brush; the muskeg carpeting of slopes that sink below the level into swamps and thickets; the green undergrowth of grass and moss and ferns; the water, as ink-black where it lies in ponds as it is white with foam of spray where it falls here and there on steep declivities; the rock surface protruding from hillsides, of which you catch glimpses at points as distant as of ships at sea; the absence of all forms of human habitation and the utterness of desolation — these are the features of a composite picture.

The leagues on leagues of forest in the distance and the miles on miles of lakes and ponds that intercept and intervene; the feeling that the same scene far away continues unchanged up to each point near at hand; the knowledge that all is wild, untouched, untrodden, unexplored—all this is new and strange. The contrast between this

rolling forest and that flat, bare, tree-denuded, grass-impoverished, sand-banked, and sun-baked beach of a seashore resort; between this desolation and that surf-resounding, cottage-clustered, hotel-colonized, long-settled, thickly-peopled, noisesome region—this contrast is as striking as if you had been whisked away suddenly and landed on some other planet. And the reason is so simple. You are in a new realm; you are in the North Woods; you are in the Adirondacks.

The term used in designation was one of old Indian parlance. It may be translated literally "bark eater." It was applied then in derision by those, self-esteemed more fortune-favored, those members of the Southern tribes, to members of the Northern tribes, those "Mountaineers," "Ridgers," or "Clodhoppers," as who should say. Later it came to designate not these, its human denizens, but the whole mountain wilderness itself. In area, the region designated thus extends from near the Canadian border on the north to near the Mohawk River on the south. Its shape is irregularly oval, about ninety miles east and west by say a hundred miles north and south. The eastern third of what were otherwise a circle is cut off by

the two link-connected, narrow lengths of water, Lake George and Lake Champlain.

Within these boundaries are comprised ten thousand square miles of lake, mountain, stream, and forest territory, unmatched, unrivaled, unexcelled, unequaled even, the world over, for the purpose they are made to serve. Other places have more famous mountains; others some have lakes as beautiful; but nowhere else is there such combination of the two. Nor are there elsewhere such numbers of either. Here are mountains by the multitude and here is literally a labyrinth of lakes. Ponds, hills, streams, forests, wilder each one than the other, stocked with fish or roaming with game, duplicate each other by the dozen, by the hundred, throughout this four-million-acre wide expanse.

If I were an eagle, a big eagle, I would fly some day and perch upon Mt. Marcy. I could see, by turning, far enough in all directions to encompass the whole region. I would have a point of vantage adequate. I would find myself more than a mile, to be accurate 5344 feet, in altitude. I would appreciate the reason why the aborigines named this mountain Tahawus, "The Cloud

Splitter." I would stand with feet on the outcropping of the oldest rock on earth, primary granite; a peak one among the first to emerge above lower lying strata still submerged for æons under water, surface of a world not yet arisen.

Roughly speaking, mountains lie on the east and lakes to the west. The mountains are a clump; the lake-region is a semicircular sweep, half-way around them. Thus it is there are three sections; there is that three-fold division: a north-eastern mountain-region, a northwestern lake-region, and a southwestern river, lake, and forest region. The first is a region of chasms, peaks, and passes; in it are Ausable Chasm and Keene Valley. The second has a group of large lakes; their shores are camp-colonized; their waters reflect fashion and their forests echo much frivolity: St. Regis, Spitfire, Tupper, Saranac, Loon Lake, and Placid. The third is the Bisby Lodge, Blue Mountain, Eagle Bay, Raquette Lake, and Raquette River region. It contains such chains of lakes as Fulton, Little Tupper, Seven Chain Lakes, and The Mooses.

In shape this western sweep resembles roughly a huge landing net, railroads encircling it with

iron frame, and the whole space within woven alternately with strips of land and string-like streams of water. This whole western two thirds is so intermeshed and interwoven with water and land, forest and stream, that in all directions it can be traversed by boat, with "carries" here and there. Across these latter, boats are borne from one river, or system of streams or across mere necks of land, and embarked on another. Just as in the Thousand Islands the water is one half land, so here the land shares the space fully half and half with water. This is the Adirondacks' special feature. And this feature is their special charm.

There are four recognized ways of living here, as there are four familiar modes of travel. First, you may camp out. The proper expression is "live in rough camp." This is to distinguish the word in its use from camps so-called only because they are so sumptuous. Or, you may live in cottages, in cabins, in tents even, grouped in colonies or settlements around a hotel center, in the common dining-room of which all take their meals. Thirdly, you may live in hotels much like those of any summer resort. These are of all sorts and sizes. Some are in groups. Some are



hotel centers, as Lake Placid, Eagle Bay, Saranac Lake, Old Forge, and the two Tupper Lake regions. Some are more distant, more isolated and exclusive, like The Antlers, down by Raquette Lake, the Stevens House on Mirror Lake, Hotel Chiswold, and Loon Lake Hotel. A folder published by one advertising agency gives names of three hundred hotels with capacity for twenty thousand persons at one time; while there are possibly one hundred special ones with rooms for a hundred or more persons each at a time. Lastly you may have a sumptuous, elaborate, private, and permanent establishment. These are built usually of unhewn logs, are solid and substantial in construction, original and diverse in design, and decorated with the architect's and artist's combined skill. They are spacious, warm, commodious, and comfortable. They are as uniform in their construction as they are diverse in decoration. Withal, they resemble "camps" in the first sense of the word about as closely as a palace car resembles a wheel-barrow.

Camping in its legitimate sense you do therefore only when you break off from the beaten path, turn your back upon all company except for boon

companions and a guide, and really "rough it." You may go by boat and carry, or with walking-stick and kit, by water or by land, by stream or by trail. You may paddle or walk. You buy or borrow or hire or beg your outfit. You catch or kill or carry your provisions—and your appetite is everywhere awaiting you when you arrive. You eat when you are hungry—which is all the time. You sleep when night befalls and where. There is no planning; there is little preparation, and there is no need for either. Life is freed from care and rules are reduced to simplicity. The difference between your ways at home and customs here is that between conventionality and actuality. You fasten a line to a gnarled crooked stick and promptly fry the fruit thereof; you eat with things made before forks; your tent by night is a wickiup, builded by piling a few boughs together; your couch and covering a sleeping bag; hunger begets your appetite and sleep is of the kind that is tired nature's sweet restorer.

You may choose again between a lodge and camps and a club-house and cottages. You may sleep out of doors; you may have a tent to sleep in. Many must prefer this, judging from the rows of

tents that line the lake fronts near the small hotels. The flies of these flap in the breeze, shining out from the thick green foliage, in color indistinguishable from the white bark of the birch trees, intermingling with the spruce and hemlock, pine and balsam. These resorts are beside water always and around them is a "clearing." These clearings are "islands of safety." They are large spaces of bare ground where trees have been cut for protection from forest-fires. From these, "trails" radiate in all directions.

If you would know life here as it can be made both idyllic and ideal; if you would see to what purpose great wealth can be put in purchasing pleasure, you must visit one of the sumptuous private "Camps." Here is luxury that is worthy of high admiration. Here is love of nature expressed in true works of art. These are literally lodges in a vast wilderness. But they are all as permanently built as they are richly furnished and expensively maintained. Here is proof of how profound may become man's devotion to the spirits of the earth and water, air and sky. Here money is poured out with lavish hand as a libation to the gods of the great Out-of-Doors.

All of which means that this is a land of wide extremes, of striking contrasts, of sudden surprises. The range is wide from modest summer places to princely hotels; from the open camp skillet, with which the guide does the cooking, to the kitchen cuisine of the salaried French chef; from the makeshift "lean-to" of the sportsman in the "bush" to the permanent camp of the regular habitu  ; from isolated "hunting boxes" to a city like Saranac Lake; from the camper who owns nothing and runs his canoe ashore on government land, to the owners of the twenty-thousand, forty-thousand, hundred-thousand acre "preserves"; from those who have no real estate to those who count their land, not by the acre but by the square mile; from those whose camps represent in cost one, two, or three hundred, to those with outfits representing one, two, or three hundred thousand dollars; from lodges, bungalows, and tents, to the "estates" of the Huntingtons, Woodruffs, Vanderbilts, Morgans, and Rockefellers, costing each a quarter of a million.

And the contrasts are as striking between things and persons seen in the same places; between walking parties and automobiling tour-

ists; between hotel settlements and their environment; between natives and visitors. There are things incongruous; there are strangest medleys and mixture of features in one kodak picture space. One must never be surprised at anything. In the farthest depths of the forest are hotels with elevators, call bells, steam heat, and electric light. Small waterfalls are utilized to generate electric current. On a trail far out of sight of anything human, you trip over surface-laid water-pipe lines and, hanging from trees, in what you thought was virgin forest, there are telegraph and telephone wires. You never know from behind what rock, over what hillock, from within what clump of trees, or from beyond what sheltering screen, a perfect palace will spring into view.

Camps are everywhere, and in them may be anything. Their chief effort is to be far from each other, and their fondest habit is to hide. They pounce upon you as you round some little mound, tread over some hillside trail, paddle toward some cove, or emerge through some narrow eyelet. They startle you alike with their contents and their accessories. There will suddenly appear a fruit and flower and vegetable garden in what

you thought was a thicket. You will halt miles upon miles, you think, from anywhere only to hear the rhythm of a piano. You will pause, in pushing your canoe into a lake, miles out of reach, you thought, of human kind, to hear the click of billiard balls just round the wooded headland in a camp's boat-house casino.

But those four methods of travel? They are, first, walking with pack-baskets; second, by canoe and carries; third, by larger boats, public stages, and hired buckboards; fourth, in automobiles. If you would walk, it is recommended that you be a bit in training. Then wear heavy, not light shoes, felt hat, and a suit of khaki. Let it have pockets ample and numerous, and let these have covers. Carry a pike-pointed stick, a pocket compass, and a pair of field glasses. Have a rubber coat and a private drinking cup. Boats you hire, with a guide. These boats are comparatively small and light, seating three persons and weighing maybe a hundred pounds. They can be transported on the guide's shoulders from lake to lake, from lakes to rivers that lead into other lakes, and even along rivers around falls and rapids.

For a "carry," you must know, is literally a

carry—except where it is a haul. Then there are two-wheeled and four-wheeled contrivances, rigged up to mount boats, if the transport is for more than half a mile. The first are drawn by hand, the second by a horse. The term in use in making charge for this is “boat and duffle,” duffle being any luggage that cannot be lugged and so, becoming baggage, must be borne. On the lakes of larger size there are steamboats plying on schedule, connecting all camps, stopping at all landings, busy on all errands, purveying provisions, delivering mail. Such are *The Loon*, *The Doris*, and their duplicates, familiar each to its own clientele, as puffy each, as self-conceited, self-important, as any other stay-at-home untraveled, isolated, provincial, or backwoods thing. To each, its own lake is the center of the solar system and its own especial patrons the chief denizens thereof.

To follow a blazed trail through a wilderness; to feel the springy softness of a bed of balsam boughs at night; to paddle at will through mile after mile of shaded, lily-flecked still water; to emerge, through outlets, into broad expanses; to go on days’ picnics, as to Spider Creek; to



spend nights in open camp, as at Mossawepie Lake; to go fishing where you can really catch fish, as at the head of Grasse River; to see game abundant and grown tame because long unmolested, as in the preserve of the Ausable Club—these are joys unfamiliar and unequaled elsewhere.

We rode miles on little steamers, as from Clearwater to The Antlers. We never tired of rowing on the ever-changing Raquette River. Not content with Marcy we ascended Whiteface and enjoyed "the finest view in all the region." We played tennis at Cascade Lake House, "the coolest courts in the mountains." We watched the antics of a bear mascot of the golfing team at St. Hubert's and indulged ourselves on the five miles of fair greens at Lake Placid. Yes! And we went to church, by boat, as did all others of the congregation, on a beaming Sunday morning, across the fair reaches of Raquette Lake, to the chapel on St. Hubert's Isle.

These mountains it must be remembered are more of them mound-shaped than peak-pointed. Normally they are forest clad; these forests are their feature. But in this mountain wilderness, it is the wilderness that charms; the mountains

are but incidental. While the altitude of the whole region is high, the mountains are, most of them, slightly rolling elevations, mere upheavals of miles upon miles square of forest primeval. The trees are alternate clumps, acres, quarter sections, townships almost, of birch and beech, with spruce and hemlock, pine and balsam. Firs there are, maples also, tamarack, white cedar, hardy lichens, ferns, and flowers.

Sometimes for miles are thickets, jungles that only trails penetrate; then there are groves that stand by lake sides so clear of all undergrowth they look like planted plots, like parks carefully clipped, trimmed, pruned, and weeded. In such shadowy depths, camps, cottages, and cabins are indigenous, their bright green shingle roofs and their dark log sides mingling almost as indistinguishably as a stag's antlers mingle with the branches that conceal them. Back of these, acres expand to square miles and these multiply, league upon league, to expanse of forests, wild and woodsy. And yet, throughout its length and breadth, this great interminable forest is healthful and safe. It is not of record that there is a venomous serpent or a noxious plant within this forest's boundaries.

Eden it is literally—before the apple and without the snake.

Fed by springs from underneath, by mountain streams, and by rain falling on clean, smokeless, dust-proof, and clay-covered areas, the water in the lakes is exceptionally clear and pure. This has effect upon their color, on the pictures they reflect, and on the colors that they cast in sunsets. Whether you look out from the shore or look ashore from your canoe afloat, you have presented pictures unspeakably enchanting. There is something peaceful, restful, pure, pellucid, something incommunicable, something indescribable. In the large, there is the shimmer on the water, the cool shade of the deep forest border, islands mound-shaped and always tree-clad. For details, there are boats, a sail-boat, power-boat, row-boat or canoe; and always, to give life and human touch, there are camps in perspective on the shores hither and yon. There are tents, white as the bark of the birch-tree clumps that shelter them, and cabins with bright green roofs or bright red, for harmony or for contrast, with the green of the forest foliage.

There are real habitués of this region, true forest lovers, nature worshippers, health and rest

and recreation seekers, in enormous numbers and in normal manner. Their expenditure of money is not lavish; nor yet is their supply for their needs too limited. They bring their equipment with them; but they seek the mountains for what mountains alone have to give. They come in search of outdoor life and, seeking, are prepared to profit by it. They foregather in camps, cabins, cottages, in contrast to resorts, hotels, and houses. They make headquarters not long maybe in one place at one time, but from these well-recognized starting points, they make excursions. They go off on foot, by boat or buckboard; go on walking trips, on exploring jaunts or mountain climbs.

One such has many novel sensations and learns a whole lexicon of things; learns, for example, how to follow trails, learns also never to abandon one; that is, to recognize one whether trodden or "blazed," but never, not even for the first step, to "take to the woods"; learns how to use a compass and to discern the face of the sky; learns, when he sees a cloud rise out of the west, straightway to say, there cometh a shower, and so it is; when he feels the south wind blow, to say, there will be heat; and it cometh to pass; learns how

to build a fire—also to put it out always—learns how to use, and not to abuse, birch bark; learns that the resin in it will burn in the rain, but also learns that, by this token, forests are inflammable.

There is a long list of things novel here, experiences of the unfamiliar. They are the things that charm: the smell of the smoke and the crackling of wood fires in midsummer; the need, after night-fall, of an overcoat in August; the capacity for exercise, even when not in training, on account of the bracing and exhilarating effect of rare air to breathe unlimited in mountain altitudes. Such are things that at home one was not accustomed to. As striking as anything seen is the robust health and winsome beauty consequent, of guides and servants, men and maidens, who work here while resting, rest much even at work, and play as much between seasons of both. But happiest of all are the children, bevies, droves, flocks, swarms of them. Here is a veritable children's paradise, a mammoth playground with no rules.

The feature most marked of all, and a feature that marks equally all, is informality. Here is nothing conventional, artificial, stilted, prinked, or priggish. Life here is lived as it was first intended

to be, lived naturally, simply, humanly, and happily. The very roughness of dress does much to break down restraint; for dress is bound to be informal and this very fact conduces to much informality in forming of acquaintance and to freedom in all manner of walk and conversation. Strangers meet around one camp-fire; if they are all bubbling over with adventures to rehearse, conventional repression is soon broken through and conversation explodes with a volley. If the day is cold, or the evening; if the fire will not burn, or more likely when it does, picture the scene! Suppose outdoors the fire glows bright and blazes, or suppose indoors it roars and crackles up a spacious chimney! Can you think of gloom or silence, stiff propriety and cold formality?

In such scenes, and on such evenings, there is striking mixture of types and surprising reversal of interests. In the smoking-room of the hotel hangs a quotation sheet of the far-off, long-forgotten stock market. It is a week old. And no one cares. There are daily papers, of day before yesterday, half of them still unopened. Here men, tired to death of business, wearied with deals, discounts, rates, rebates, franchises, foreclosures,

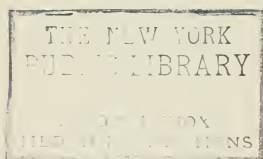
decisions, dividends, talk by the hour of flies and rods, merits of minnows and gaffs and landing nets. Here women forget both the high cost of living and the cost of high living and concentrate all their attention on the contents of to-morrow's pack-basket. College boys chop wood while their professors calk canoes. Men of millions are absorbed in learning to oil their own boats; women of fashion are engrossed in cooking bacon; merchant princes argue out the merits and demerits of canvas or khaki, while mesdames who rule at home households of servants with a nod in silence here outbabel the tower scene itself discussing and deciding the best way to fry a fish.

But narration, as description, has its limits. There are things that are describable: there are things that are indescribable. There are some things any map can show, any guidebook tell you, any picture post-card paint for you; but again there are sensations, joys, delights, appreciations that these give no inkling of. One may describe on paper by the ream a local scene and yet not give at all its local scent. I have sat by the hour on the porch of the Saranac Inn, looked out across the lake, watched the changes of scene, breathed in





Water Sports, The Adirondacks  
Courtesy, N. Y. Central Lines



the laden air, and tried to catch the spirit of the place, the secret of its charm, the explanation of its beauty; in short, to gain inspiration for descriptive narrative. It cannot be done.

You can photograph a landscape; you can even paint it green and dash in white tents in the foreground and the red roofs of boat-houses; but you cannot introduce the whiff of forest air, the rippling motion of the water in the sunlight, the sparkling of its dancing diamond particles, the swooping, bird-like motion of the sail boats, where they bring about, the fish-fantail glide of canoes, the busy, business-like waving of the flag from its tall, straight, slender staff, the squeal of happy children at their play. Even color photography and the moving-picture mechanism would not help you much. The real thing is unreal, invisible, intangible. I can see the snow-white bark of birch trees, the emerald green of the pines, the varicolor of the beds of flowers, the fresh, clean, newly builded, lately painted houses, the ponds thick with water-lilies, fields of ferns, groves of clean, straight and slender trees as uniform as stocks of grain or stems of grass much overgrown. I can say I hear the ripple of a waterfall, the croon-

ing sound of swaying boughs of balsam, the swish of the wind through the pine cones and needles, the chatter of squirrels, and yet not have conveyed, not yet have given, an expression of the soft beauty of the whole scene, the restful quiet of wild life around, the fragrant odor of ozone-charged air, the dewy breath of forest zephyrs, the scent of resinous branches, the intoxicating, energizing, cheaper than champagne, yet more life-giving than elixir air, the tonic, bracing effect of it all.

Can one make the weather subject of polite discourse? Can a writer phrase a paragraph with climate for its theme? Yes, if the climate is so gorgeous and the weather so eccentric as that in the Adirondacks. There is danger, in seeking for an explanation of this place's popularity, of seeking for an answer that is hard to find because sought far afield. The answer is the simplest possible; the explanation is difficult to discover only because close at hand. One seeks the mountains to get cool; ideal climate here is that for winter clothing in a summer season. The feel of the need for blankets in July; the sight of open fire-places in August; the crackle of wood burning in them each morning; the welcome sensation of their

warmth when elsewhere you had suffocated; the need for a sweater when you have been used to swelter—these are joys worth coming this far to experience.

Outside, in the open, the thing perhaps the most noticeable is the way the light varies, as does the heat, during the day. Early, the water is dull, lead colored; then the sun floods it as though with molten silver; for hours at a time its surface has a brilliant sheen; it is too bright almost to look upon; then other hours as many it takes its hue from the haze that hangs over the mountains; but at sunset comes, of earth and sky, of lakes and mountains, the apotheosis. In that hour the clouds have all hues in conjunction; the mountains take on as many colors in succession.

In the early morning, if the billows of the sea, in the most heaving storm, in color at their brightest green, were suddenly caught, fixed, and petrified, it would be a picture of the far unfolding, rolling, rising, mountain landscape. Green verdure unfurls roll upon roll, surge beyond surge, its surface that might have been heaving, rocking and rollicking a moment since, arrested suddenly, bidden stand stone still. And, too, these wave-

shaped mounds of earth are imitated, duplicated, in the billows of cloud overhead. Which take form from the others it were hard to tell. In the morning, as the clouds float languidly in this illusion, sky and clouds seem to stand still and lakes and mountains to be those that move. Impassively, impressively, with stately tread as though in martial order and in grand review, they pass along the sky line, like a tribe of mammoths in the distance on parade. Then falls, as the forenoon advances, that dull haze, making their outline indistinguishable. It is hard to tell now where the clouds cease and the billowy waves of the hills begin. But before evening this dissolves and then another surprise, another as strange reversal: if the sky by morning looked like water, the lakes in the evening look like bits of sky fallen to earth out of the blue above. In its turn comes the sunset. Like a small boy hanging over banisters, refusing to believe the hour has come to go to bed, the sun halts on the mountain tops and sinks only reluctantly behind each hill in turn.

At length it is gone; that is, gone from sight but now a new phenomenon behold. The colors from the sky which have taken an hour to fade


seem to sink to the water and to lie commingled there. The hour that follows this is the most wonderful, most beautiful, most peaceful, most enchanting of the twenty-four. At the hotels that front the lakes the dinner hour must be set late simply because the people will not come in doors—will not come in even to eat. But, finally, the curtain falls. All colors fade from vision, all lights turn to shadows and sound is submerged in silence. There falls over everything the curtain of the forest's blackness, the sleep-inducing utter stillness, the unbroken silence, of the Adirondack night.



## CHAPTER VI

### Seeing Niagara Falls as a Tourist

#### *A First Impression of the Majesty and Beauty of the Thunder of Waters*

“ HE very best time to see Niagara,” say all the guidebooks, “is the month of June.” The very best way to get there depends upon where you start from. Anyway, you must go to Buffalo. So, there we went. From there we went on, by one of the half-dozen railroads that connect with trains every half-hour that city and the city’s adjunct, twenty-two miles north along the river.

“River” at the first is a misnomer, for it seems to be not a river at all, but only an arm of the lake where the water has strayed off from home by accident. But it keeps on straying just the same, slowly at first, to be sure; but of a sudden, below Tonawanda, the banks of the stream, which have been two miles wide, converge to three quarters

of one mile. This point is half a mile above the Falls. In that half-mile the stream drops fifty feet; the flow accelerating gains pace with the motion of the train. By this flow are formed the Upper Rapids.

It was by the newsboy on the train that we were told what really is the truth, that to approach Niagara understandingly one must first rehearse one's old geography—that is, must buy a map. It is all very simple—when you see it again. The two lakes, Erie and Ontario, separated as they are by thirty-six miles of dry land, are connected by this stream, the Niagara River. The river is, as the lakes are, the boundary line between the United States and Canada. At the one end, on the one lake, is Buffalo; at the other end, on the other lake, is Queenstown; fourteen miles back from the lower lake is the cataract; and here, on each side, are the towns Niagara Falls, New York, and Niagara Falls, Ontario. The steel arch bridge connects the two, a great flagstaff on each end bearing, the one the Stars and Stripes and the other the Union Jack.

One should also know, besides this much geography, a little geology, too; at least enough to

know how the Falls came to be and why. This, too, is very simple. It is merely the old principle that "constant dropping wears a stone away." The two lakes, once connected by a single water-course, are on two levels now, the one three hundred feet above the other. So level was the watershed of both lakes once that it took only a little tilting of the saucer to spill the contents in either direction. When this tilting occurred, the water, following a million years ago as now, the first law of its nature, proceeded to flow from the higher lake into the lower.

But inasmuch as this flow formed the outlet for four of those five great "inland reservoirs" which hold together more than half the fresh water of the globe, the volume was tremendous—more than a billion cubic feet per minute. This is a great deal of water; it might be expected to do some great thing. And so it did. It began to cut the ledge of rock over which it fell, and for that many years it has kept on cutting it. What has resulted is known technically as the "recession of the gorge."

The distance from the present Falls to the point where the Falls must once have been is seven

miles, and for that distance a canal is cut through the hard limestone rock, varying in width from two hundred to four hundred yards, in all parts one hundred and fifty and at some points nearly two hundred feet deep; and this from the top of the gorge to the surface of the water only—downward from the surface, the bed of the river being as deep as the walls of the gorge are high.

Thus Niagara is not a freak of Nature; it is rather a perfect exhibition of the working of those forces which have been at work since the very world's day-dawn. How rapidly that work has gone on, or rather how slowly, is shown by measurements which indicate that this cutting is now going on at rates which vary from four inches to four feet a year. Explosions of compressed air under the water column from behind have aided in the work from time to time by blasting out huge portions of the rock. The Falls from time to time have also changed their shape as they have changed their place. In fact they have done all sorts of queer things; but that does not matter.

What does matter is that, as a spectacle, Niagara Falls is the greatest natural phenomenon in all the world. It is the most gigantic and the most

impressive. It has, each in his turn, impressed both savage man and civilized alike. In early ages, when the Indian roamed the banks of this strange stream, the plunge of the mighty waters, and their terrific turbulent course down through the rock-ribbed, echo-haunted chasm made such an impression on him that he named the place Ni-ag-a-ra, the "Thunder of Waters." Since then men of every age and every station have attempted to describe the scene; but no pen can exhaust the subject or do justice to the grandeur of the sight.

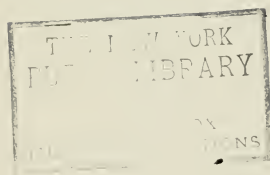
Alighting from the train, we could make no mistake about direction; the sight of the mist and the sound of the roar scarcely a hundred yards away, behind the tall trees of the "Reservation," point the route; and the crowd follows it. We started first, as everybody does, for Prospect Point; for it is a peculiarity of these Falls that, whereas other waterfalls can be seen to best advantage from below, these should be seen first from the brink: the falling, glowing water is more beautiful from there. It is there that one can best get an impression of the majesty of Niagara—awful, measureless, resistless. And



Niagara Falls

Photograph by William H. Rau, Philadelphia







it is safe to go there, strange to say; for another peculiar feature of Niagara is the way in which, although capable, in its powerful flood, of limitless destruction, it may be approached so closely with such perfect freedom from alarm.

We walked far out along this parapet until we stood so near that, guarded by the iron railing, we could dip our hands into the rushing water of the current where it flowed. A curious thing here is the color and what seems to be the substance of the water. It flows so fast that it seems to be solid; it looks much more like alum, or rock candy, or saltpeter, than like any liquid. Strange sights are seen from below. To one who lets his fancy play it seems as though the spirit of the child who went over the Falls by accident in 1864 is crying out for pity, and that its spirit is the mist that rises from the chasm and takes shape in many a winged form.

"Let's find a place where we can look at this face to face," I heard some one wisely suggest after we had stood here for an hour. The best place to do this is some point near the middle of the steel arch bridge, whose single span, the longest of its kind ever constructed, reaches clear across

the gulf, two hundred feet above the lower stream, and on a level with the forehead-like crest of the Falls themselves. From here we noticed how the water makes the plunge in two distant streams, with the broad, precipitous face of an island between them; that the American stream flows in an almost straight line, the Canadian in a perfectly shaped horseshoe curve; that the Canadian Falls are three times as wide as the American and that over them passes ten times as much water.

There are two things here that strike one with surprise. The first is the rate at which the water flows: it seems so slow and leisurely, appearing to descend of its own will instead of being forced over, and in this way to acquire majesty from its unhurried motion. One receives no impression of high velocity; on the contrary, the effect is of a slow and gentle movement, of a noble dignity and fine repose. Its whole mood, to be sure, is sad and serious; the stream seems forever to die as it comes down, and yet forever from its deep, unfathomable grave there rises, phoenixlike, that ghost of spray. The other thing is the absence of that deafening roar which most people expect to find. At this distance there is really little

sound at all; there are many more things to be seen than heard. Not the least striking of these is the beautiful green color of the water in the sunlight. Nor is this tint uniform; it is varied, long strips of deeper hue alternating with broad bands of brighter color. Nor are even the vapor and foam transient and fitful like the sudden rage of a tempest; they are everlasting as the rocks beneath. Thus, on and on the rumble goes, and down and down the water rolls, while arching over all there bends a rainbow—Love still spanning Power.

It is interesting here to listen to the different comments different people pass in language all their own. These comments prove the theory to be sound that any one sees anywhere not only what there is before but what there is behind the eye as well. I heard one woman make an apt quotation, speaking of "A Poem of the Elements." A man who was certainly nothing if not practical expressed his sole conception of a cataract by saying: "It looks like a magnified mill dam." A woman who would prove that she had steeled herself against emotion passed comment: "Just what I had expected: a great lot of water falling

over a rock." An old man whose thoughts were evidently far away, back on the farm where crops were curing, drawled: "That thunder sounds like rain." And still another one, a wag whom nothing could repress, suggested: "That Falls ought to put up a sign: 'This is my busy day.'" While all about from place to place, as indicated by their pointing fingers, would arise the call, from time to time: "Look yonder."

In fact, this is a good point from which to look in every direction. It is well to do this, that the whole field may be seen in panorama and its points identified for special visits. For while Niagara is a single creation it is not a single wonder: it has many parts. It is a mistake to suppose that the Falls constitute the sole or even the chief interest here; the fact is they are merely one constituent part of a composite spectacle. The Islands, the Rapids above, the Rapids below, the Cave of the Winds, the Gorge, the Whirlpool—it takes all these to spell Niagara.

Looking up and down the watercourse one notices that the active flow begins with the Rapids above, traverses the Dufferin Islands, and is divided by Goat Island into the American and Horseshoe

Falls. One sees that the water, for a season after its fall, seems silent and subdued, moving now hither and now thither as though dazed; one watches it flow aimlessly at the first as though too weak and giddy to take one straight course; one sees its surface streaked with foam as though with beads of perspiration caused by the terrific fright of its great plunge; but, farther on, one sees it come back into new and larger life and bound away exultingly through the Lower Rapids. At the foot of the Central Falls, one can see the Rock of Ages; behind it the Cave of the Winds, and moving about in front of it the jaunty, dauntless little *Maid of the Mist*, pushing its prow right into the very face of the Fall. One can see in the distance the Overlook Tower, a straight, weblike structure of steel, three hundred feet in height, one of the new departures and improvements which the present mechanical age has inaugurated; farther off, the mighty power-house where the forces of nature are being pressed into the service of man; and yet farther still, the other way, the trolley cars creeping along the course of the Gorge Route, so high and far away they are they seem like children's toys. These are

things that may be seen in half an hour apiece; or one may spend a day in looking at each of them.

We roamed at leisure here. We stood on Inspiration Point, where one may count ten different rainbows in ten minutes. We climbed out to the edge of Luna Island, which hangs literally suspended on the torrent's brink. We got behind the Falls by climbing down an inclosed staircase, where the perpendicular height of the bank is one hundred and eighty-five feet. We crossed the Hurricane Bridge, where the roar and general tumult are deafening; passed that narrow ledge, the perpendicular wall of rock within an inch of our noses and the mighty volume of the Falls close at our backs, and were conducted through the Cave of the Winds, that place of perpetual storm, where the choking, blinding tumult of the wind and water defies all description. We walked, we drove in a Reservation carriage, we went up the Overlook Tower and down the Inclined Railway. There we robed in rubber coats and hats and took the boat trip, coming back happy, although drenched and blinded by torrents of vapor. We explored the power-house and we took the Gorge Ride.

And, come to think of it, we saw the people. Indeed, it is almost as interesting to see the crowd as it is to see the Falls. There is no other one attraction in the world that draws so many and such various types of people. It is estimated that there must be ten thousand visitors a day throughout the season; and yet the place is so large and the people are so scattered that one does not deem this a crowd. If all on any one day could be rounded up and classified, they could be grouped at last in four great categories: world-traveling tourists, local excursionists, transient conventionists, and scientists. Here are foreigners of every nation; for no foreign traveler ever crosses the ocean, coming this way, who does not visit Niagara. Here comes one of the "fifteen centers"—Reservation carriages—the driver asleep and the dozen women whom he hauls more busy reading their guidebooks than looking on the scene. There goes a bliss-tabbed bridal couple; for Niagara always has been the great rendezvous of such. Here come two rushing excursionists who have seen everything in half an hour and are away to catch the first train back to Buffalo; while yonder goes a man whose kit of golf clubs swung



across his shoulder indicates that he is at home in the town, a member of the famous University Club, probably an electrical engineer of some sort. Here is a journalist, notebook in hand, and there a photographer, itinerant priest of realism. There goes a party in a wagon whose rapid gait and strident tones denote that they are here on a convention; for this place has the convention habit—has it mortally.

The mere sight of that electrician, by-the-way, suggests a visit well worth making. If you were to follow him you would eventually come to that power-house where more electricity is generated than under any other one roof in the world and where the most marvelous mechanical feat ever attempted has been accomplished—that of chaining Niagara. You would learn that a tunnel thirty feet wide and half as high has been cut out through solid rock from a point just below the base of the Falls, directly under the city, to a point a mile and a half upstream on a level one hundred and sixty feet below the river; that here some water is diverted into a short surface canal; that from this canal it is admitted into penstocks which carry it into turbines at the bottom of a pit;

that each turbine is connected by a steel tube with a generator in the power-house above, and that when the water has done its work it passes off into the tunnel, which becomes thus a mere tail-race to conduct it out into the lower river in the Gorge. You would see some lines of wire stretching out from here across the country, hanging dull and motionless, with nothing visible to tell the story of the task they are performing; yet you would be told they are transmitting power to do what it would take a million men, turning at one crank, to perform; and that, too, working day and night.

These last two things suggest, in passing, the two facts that are most likely to detract from the highest enjoyment of the Falls to-day: the annoyance on the part of those who would extort money from tourists, and the disfigurement wrought by those bent on utilizing power here. However, this annoyance and disfigurement are both, perhaps, permissible; they are necessary evils, and, like every other such, may be turned into blessings.

A Niagara "cabby" a blessing? Yes, if you tame him and use him. His cab is not good, maybe—if you have not first made a bargain; but he is

not the extortionate creature that he once was, even he himself being the judge. Besides, if you care for good stories he can tell you any dollar's worth in any hour. If you are one of those who go notebook in hand he can tell you facts and figures; that the Falls are one hundred and sixty feet high; that five billion barrels of water go over the Falls every twenty-four hours; that the park was made a "reservation" in 1885; that it contains one hundred and forty acres on each side; that the town has grown to have a population of twenty-five thousand, and that the so-called "passing of Niagara" has resulted in a new name for it, wrought with new significance, "The Power City." If you are interested in town characters he can tell of them, both ancient and modern; of French Adams, for example, the Hermit of the Falls, who used to play about them by moonlight and bathe in their waters at midnight, till at last they claimed him for their prey.

He will tell you of "Abe" Davey or "Billy" Sheeley, "the two best known cab-drivers in the world." If he is one of their ilk, he will sigh and tell you of the good old days. He will chuckle over days when cab-drivers, shopkeepers, police,

and landowners were in league to help the people spend their money. He will tell you of the toll-gates that were moved around from place to place and set up many times in front of the same carriage; of the "Mineral" well that was salted every night for use the next day, or of the "Boiling Spring"—and how the furnace under it was heated.

Again, if you are interested more in that, he will tell of the foolhardy things that have been done about the Falls; of Blondin's and Belini's feats in walking cables stretched above the Rapids; of those venturesome spirits who ever since the days of Captain Webb have tried to swim them, and of bridge jumpers from the days of Sam Patch down to date; of the woman and the dog who went over the Falls in the same barrel, not neglecting to tell that the dog came out alive and the woman dead, and not neglecting to philosophize, "I still hold that the dog had the most sense."

The second of the two possibly detracting features is found in the work of those who are attempting to put Niagara into harness. To be sure, this has diminished, by diverting it, the whole volume of water by a fraction, and has dotted with a few buildings a landscape that before was fern and

forest clad; but it has made amends. The changing of some of this static power into dynamic has made possible great industries; it has made possible, as well, new ways to view the spectacle itself. Regarding the first, to borrow a metaphor from Herodotus, as "Egypt is the gift of the Nile," so is the new town here the gift of the Falls; and, regarding the second, the ease with which electricity can be generated has made possible, in the past decade or two alone, the Searchlight Tower and the great Gorge Ride.

Come! Grip your hat and catch your breath, and take this ride for the first time. The cars are spacious, open ones; so choose a seat on the side next to the precipice, and hold on tight. The route lies over the Arch Bridge, down seven miles on the Canadian side, across Suspension Bridge, and up the American side, back to the starting point. It is a fourteen-mile ride which, as one woman remarked, "bankrupts the English language." Going down we keep the edge, for three miles, of a precipice, two hundred and three hundred feet at points above the water, on a cliff where is the tenderest of mistfed verdure and a fabric of trees, flowers, and moss, rich and elabo-

rate. Coming back the way lies close along the base of frowning walls that guard the Gorge so jealously they leave a pathway only wide enough for one car at a time.

At the outset there is seen, far, far below, the surface of the river, still stunned into gentleness and throbbing with the shock of its tremendous fall. The river at this point is the deepest in the world, and such a deadly stillness holds the water that one tries to estimate the pent-up power for evil which makes its face look so villainously innocent. At the end of two miles, however, the width of the Gorge is suddenly narrowed; the stream of a sudden is throttled, and the waters, which have moved like horses resting after some terrific effort, feel once more the reins drawn on them and with one bound madly lash themselves into a fury indescribable. Swift and strong, running at a rate of forty miles an hour, the waters fairly pile themselves up in the center of the channel as they rush through these, the Lower Rapids. The increasing motion of the car on the down grade excites the crowd; the height of the cliffs over which they look intoxicates them; the chase down the Gorge grows swifter and more swift and the



voices of the passengers vie with the rattle of the Rapids each to be heard loudest. For three miles the mad race goes on. Then, with one last, long, final swoop, the car slows up around a curve and comes out in sight of Suspension Bridge.

Across this bridge the car goes slowly, cautiously, and pauses at the other side preliminary to another chase up this side of the Gorge. Here is a pretty sight: the water is as still and placid as that of a mill-pond. Some small boys, pursuing that vocation which is theirs the world over, are going swimming. Again the car moves on—slowly at first, in keeping with the motion of the water, and then faster as the water flows faster. The Rapids look like such as might be caused by rocks projecting from the bottom; but there are no rocks, and if one were to measure, he would find no bottom. On and on we go, our speed accelerating and the movement working up to that scene which is of all most awe-inspiring, where the waters swirl round and round in a rock basin, blindly seeking for an exit, and are so long in finding it that they pile high up in the middle in a tumbling mound. Their mad gyrations form a maelstrom from whose grip nothing ever yet came forth alive. Great



logs and bars and sticks of driftwood are caught, rolled, and held there sometimes for whole days, only a hundred feet away, but as far out of human reach as the North Star. This is the last, fierce final tumult of Niagara, the grand climax, the Whirlpool.

One thing only remains: to see the Falls by moonlight. We put this off until the last night of our stay—partly because we wished to say good-bye in this way and partly because this happened to be the night of the month's full moon. After dinner that night, then, we set out—we did not come back until midnight. The crowd at this evening scene was, as it always is, different from that at the morning one. Only the worshipful are here, and of these, only such as worship beauty.

The conditions, too, are perfect. In the half-shroud of the evening light, defects of outline are hidden; the somber light begets perfection. In the stillness, too, what roar there was by day is now subdued into a slumbrous sound. At length the moon comes out, through clouds at first as though to light the scene up gradually; then, at last, in one pure sheen of grandeur. In this light the waters look like silver. There are opaline fall-

ing sheets and show-white rising mists, prismatic shafts of lights and shadows formed like fairies; while finally, as though to crown the whole, the clouds of spray that have caught in their depths the dancing moonbeams transform these into that mystery of mysteries, a perfect lunar bow. It is a sight long, long, to be remembered, never quite to be forgotten.

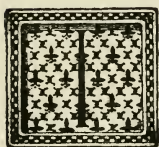
If a man looks long and steadily, thoughts of great import and truths of great moment dawn upon him here—their greatness on a scale commensurate with the scene's magnitude. His childhood's wonder returns, and he asks: Does it flow on always or only when someone is looking? And then he realizes that it has been flowing day and night for many million years. As he feels the very earth throb and pulsate beneath him, keeping step to the stream's march, a strong impression of resistless might brings him into closest communion with the Powers that sway the universe. As he listens to that ceaseless grand orchestral music which has so long gone on ringing changes down the centuries he hears the profound diapason of the great Fall sounding superbly constant above all the fitful clamor and the tran-

sient tumult of the lesser one. As the movement and the sound go on hour after hour he realizes what old Heraclitus must have meant by the "Eternal Flux." He understands now why the word Niagara has passed unchanged into every language spoken by mankind as the most fitting emblem of Eternity.

## CHAPTER VII

### The Thousand Islands' Magic Spell

*How this Water Paradise in the St. Lawrence  
Holds its Patronage*



HAD dropped from a New York sleeper at Clayton. It was seven o'clock in the morning. The sun had been up for an hour. And an hour such as that would have been wasted, indoors, in bed, at table, anywhere inside four walls. Out here on deck, where light is glowing, where the wind is blowing, in sight of this water flowing—out here, everything is as it was not yesterday at home. O, the contrast between this and that! The difference between this outlook, this sensation, this prospect of this day in this region and that of the weltering, sweltering, hustling, bustling, sticky, stifling, sickening city!

This water is that of the river St. Lawrence—a river as grand as the Platte, as picturesque as

the Rhine, and one whose shores have witnessed scenes in the New World's history as stirring and romantic as the Thames and Tiber in the Old. Flowing seven hundred miles in its course "through a region of beauty unsurpassed," as the phrase goes in the old *Relations* of the Jesuits, this mighty stream pours more fresh water into salt than any other river in the world except the Amazon. Silent, solemn, unobtrusive in its flow, it is the waterway connecting the World's Greatest Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean. Rising in the last of this chain of five lakes of fresh water and ending in one of five seas as salt, it is itself a lake rather than a river: it resembles more an inland ocean than an outbound stream.

In the bed of this stream—river, lake, or inland sea, as you may choose to call it—is an archipelago of islands, set about midway in the roughly rectangular region between Kingston and Brockville on the Canadian side and Cape Vincent and Morristown on the American side. On the map, this region looks like an old-fashioned cannon bulging from the breech and tapering toward a still wide-open muzzle. Near the middle, like two handles, appear two towns, one on either side,

Gananoque, Ontario, and Clayton, New York. Here the two shores are, say, ten miles apart. This marks the region's greatest width—a region speaking generally, half a hundred miles in length and averaging half a dozen miles in width. Such is the location, such are the dimensions, and such is the geography, of this, the Lake of the Thousand Isles.

“Les Mille Isles,” the French named this region centuries since. Then as now, however, “mille” or “thousand” was a term rhetorical, not arithmetical; it was descriptive rather than definitive. As a matter of fact, more than seventeen hundred islands have been charted. These islands and this river both comprise one theme. It is a question as diversely answered as it is frequently asked, which phrase best describes outdoor life in this region. Of the people who spend summers here, half say “Among the Thousand Islands”; half say “On the St. Lawrence River.”

There are four large islands and then—all the others. For, after these four, all the others are by contrast small; from that on down to smaller, smallest. Wolfe, Howe, Grindstone, Wellesley—these are measured by as many miles, square,

cubic, round, or linear, as the others are in acres, rods, yards, feet, or inches. Of the "others" there are four main groups—the Admiralty, the Chipewewa, the Navy, and the Sport Island Group. Then comes a flock, a band, a drove of strays. None of the islands are high, although all of them lie at a sufficient elevation above the water to render them secure. In size they vary from a small pile of rocks covered by a few stunted trees, to large, wide tracts, of fertile land crowned with richest foliage; from little Calumet, for instance, to Wellesley Island, which last contains nearly ten thousand acres of arable land, is nine miles long and is at one point half as wide.

But again, the river! There are four ways of living, four manners of life on the river. They may be named in direct order of their luxury and costliness; which is the inverse order of the frequency with which, here as elsewhere, one meets with them. All four one passes, comes upon, meets, and has chance to view or criticize, inveigh against or covet, as one traverses these twelve miles downstream.

Do you own a yacht? Naturally you live on it. Yours is one of the dozen in sight. Have



you an island all your own, a home on it, a kingdom in seclusion, where you can be as exclusive as you please? Well, you are one of the hundred here who have. Are you an excursionist? Are you "doing the islands in a day" on some route from south or east or west? You are one of the thousand passengers, say, on the *Kingston*, the *Toronto*, and the *Rochester*. Or, are you a visitor for days or weeks or even months at one of the hotels? Do you visit cottagers or join your friends on yachts? Then you are one of the ten thousand, who come annually, come and go, and long to stay—and come again.

And you have choice in turn, if you go to hotels, of any one of three main types of hostelry. Chiefest of each of the three species are those which we passed in order on that journey down the river. On Round Island was the Hotel Frontenac, which in the distance loomed as big upon the land as did the island itself seem in proportion to the water whence it arose. This house was superbly located, expensively built, and its surroundings were of the finest. It has recently been burned; but it is here that the races of the American Power Boat Association for the gold challenge cup

have always been run, the most popular aquatic sporting event in America. Here consequently have been seen the fastest motor boats in the world. Fine feathers, fine birds? Fast boats, fast—? It is whispered that some people, by contagion maybe, are described by the same adjective. Almost in sight is Thousand Island Park, a plot on Wellesley Island laid out in small lawns beside long avenues whereon are five or six hundred cottages; another of a similar type is Westminster Park, two hundred cottages; a third is Grennel Park, with its thirty cottages and pretty little chapel. Here are some preëminently democratic places. Their price lists vary with the expansion and contraction of all purse strings. In them friendliness is cultivated as a sentiment not altogether obsolete. On the mainland lies the mecca of tourist travel, Alexandria Bay, where are the Crossman House and the Thousand Island House.

At first, on this day of your advent to this teeming region of life, action, color, and sound, your one clear consciousness is of confusion. The very wealth of detail overwhelms you; the speed of the motor boats awes you; the glare of the sun on the shimmering water blinds you. It is only

after you have paused for a day and stood still; sat by for a day and looked on; waited, found yourself, and got your bearings; after you have ridden at random until you have compassed the region, after you have walked and looked and listened, made experiments and ventures upon land and water, that you can begin to disentangle the real from the unreal, the essential from the unessential, the unique here from the commonplace elsewhere, the permanent from the passing, the abiding from the ephemeral, the alluring from that which is only illusory.

I took my time in trying to do this, and in the attempt was fortunate in having opportunity to try life in all these centers and in all the foregoing ways. I lived at hotels; I visited in island homes; I made cruises on yachts. But, first of all, I spent a whole day sitting still in the shade, strolling on the veranda, drinking in the view, and watching phases of life in the passing throng here at "The Bay." I roamed the lawn, trod the flag pavement, explored the boat-landing, threaded my way through the crowd, and sought out a secluded spot for meditation.

And I climbed the tower for observation. That

was on the morning of the second day. I rose betimes and hied me early thither. The sight here of the sunrise is worth the unusual exertion. The silence is the more marked in the glowing light that floods the view. It is as though the stillness of a sleeping city were imposed upon a country wide awake and waiting. In the brightness, what life there is darts its shadows all the swifter and the more sharply outlined. Because all else is still, the waking sounds, as they come rippling, cause echoes sharper than usual, quick, crisp, fairly crackling.

From here there are in sight at once, in panoramic view, a hundred islands. The same is true, they say, from yonder mound, the highest land on Wellesley Island. Between there and here, that is, between the far off and the near at hand, from the skyline in the distance to the landline at my feet, a scene unrolls, unfolds, unfurls. That is the word; for it seems fairly to wave with motion in the changes that come over it. Not so, however, the water itself. It is still sound asleep and as smooth as silk, so smooth it is hard to believe that it is limpid. It is more like a solid, at most like a soft velvet carpet.

An hour goes by. The water lies, broad and expansive, its shore-line a semicircle and the whole more like a lake or bay than like a river. The surface is broken, mottled, decorated with green garments, polka-dotted, decked with white and red and vari-colored ornaments; they are the greenswards of its islands and the greener trees, gray banks, rock shores, the buildings dotting them, the boats, boathouses, houseboats, and yacht-stations surrounding them. Overhead, huge cloud galleons sail the azure ocean of the sky, and the wind, from driving these, swoops as in play and sends a sound of music through the trees and under house-eaves, through furled sails and under tent-flaps, attuning its touch to pine-needles and maple leaves. Yonder are sloping shores and rising cliffs, long vistas with as abrupt endings as opening views with sudden closings; those are channels between islands; these are islands that end in declivities. Then there are hotels, club-houses, public places, private places, red granite quarries, gray bare seams of sandstone, even windmills, spars, buoys, ledges, and shoals.

On account of the great volume of the water and the sieve-like nature of the interruptions in

the main current which makes the many currents between islands swift and the separate channels deep, the water is pure and the shores are kept clean, dredged, scoured, polished, purified. The color of the water is intensely blue; while on the rounded rocky knobs there are beautiful displays of reddish granite. On the land are every tint and shade of grass and woodland foliage. I had not known before how many emerald hues there could be. I understand now for the first time and sympathize with the desire of the Irishman who gave the order for a new carpet to be "any color so it's green."

Then, those palatial summer homes! Boldt, Benson, Pullman, Rafferty, Peacock—stone houses red-roof-crowned, turreted, castellated, decorated; frame out-houses, boat-houses, gray-roofed and green-shuttered. In contrast, near at hand, is the Casino, just across the little lagoon. Its colors are gaudy, and, being so, serve to enrich by contrast the real splendor farther off. As you look away down stream the open channel runs so far, it is so nearly straight and is so tapering, you have the same sensation as when looking through the wrong end of a telescope. At its



entrance, on Sunken Rock, there stands a huge white cone truncated, a lighthouse where flies red a government ensign by day and flashes a pillar of fire by night. In fact, every island has its flagpole, every yacht its flagstaff, every tiny boat its flag; every building is embannered, every boat emblazoned with the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, or often both. Every night here is a gala night; every day a Decoration Day.

As the hours pass, as the day advances, I can hear as well as see. Intruding itself, first of all, earliest abroad this morning as latest to rest last night, comes a motor boat, heard long before it is seen. It is one of a million, more or less; it seems many more than less. All will be heard as long after being seen as before. This is the first one to break silence; but, like a dog's barking, or a rooster's crowing, it awakens a response from others in sight, out of sight. Everywhere, always, all day, and almost all night, now rising in tone and with accelerating rate as they approach, now dying, dulling down as they recede, there will go on the buzzing whirl of the genus speed-boat and the slower chug-chug of the species power-boat, muffled but not muzzled, unabashed, rude, irre-



sponsible, and irrepressible, chug-chugging everlastingly, unceasingly, annoyingly. It is the one thing nearest to a nuisance in this water Eden, this aquatic Paradise.

Off in the distance is a puff of white. It is steam, but it looks like smoke; an explosion, but in silence; an eruption, but without a sound. It is so far off and there is so much else to see, I have forgotten the sight before the sound arrives. It is the round boom of a steamer's funnel. From a dozen sides an echo, then a silence; then sound upon sound awakens. These multiply in number as they rise in tone. No more idleness to-day at this port; not a dull moment from this on. It is 8.45 A.M. and here comes a river-boat, *The Saint*. With her comes the day's awakening. Sound matches sound—matches, echoes, interferes, in tones, in undertones and overtones, all gathered up, some muffled and some magnified, wafted, hurried, echoed, disregarding distance and reversing rules of order, in the strange acoustics of this land-walled, water-floored arena. The day is awake. Nature and human nature are alike astir. It is a gala day, one of a hundred such, one day of three months' holiday, one new day of life "on the river."

From this vantage point of outlook, the one thing in evidence, all day and on all days, the picture interesting above all others because a moving picture, is that of the manifold, multiform, many-shaped, many-sized, variegated, and as various gaited craft upon the river. Here are boats innumerable, boats indescribable, boats indistinguishable, but boats each one with a name. There are big boats, schedule-keeping, coursing up and down the river; there are smaller, ferry-like ones, plying back and forth across; there are those still smaller, independent of all schedule, going both ways; and, smallest of all, there are duplicates of these in merest miniature, the largest in number as the smallest in size, as insignificant as self-important, self-assertive, business-like or mischievous, rushing apparently all ways at once. For here is the home of pleasure boats, most of them small craft, certainly small in proportion to the steamers of almost sea-going size. Compared with these, those look like schools of porpoises playing around the bows of ocean liners.

Between such extremes there are boats of as many sizes as descriptions. There are row-boats,

tow-boats, chug-boats, tug-boats, slow-boats, speed-boats. They range in size from a skiff to a freighter; they are of every rate of speed from a steam-dredge to a racer and of every grade of luxury from a government mud-scow to the most luxurious private steam-yachts afloat. They have only one thing in common: they are all power-boats. A sail-boat seems a relic of the past. So also does a row-boat—in so far as it is rowed. It may have oars for an emergency; but even the most picturesque will have a “kicker” or a “sparker.” Everything afloat has its propeller, from the “put” the poorest fisherman trolls his line after to the yacht worth a king’s ransom in the olden time, but now a modern merchant-prince’s play-thing; from the little laboring “lunger” pulling a barge too heavy, but patiently leisurely, league after league, to the chic, swift automobile boats, turbines, triple-screwed, which have changed the old phraseology of knots an hour almost to miles a minute.

This in composite is the sight you will see of craft, in size and kind, at any time. In detail and by name, now in sight and now gone, one day in three or three times in a day, are these: the

*Kingston* and *Toronto*, passenger steamers between Lake Ontario and Brockville; the *Rochester* built for a purpose and owned and commissioned in such a manner that it can do what the others under foreign flag cannot, carry passengers between two American ports; the *St. Lawrence*, the "best-known boat on the river," plying between Clayton and "The Bay," in comparison to the foregoing as accommodation trains are to expresses, stopping at all docks, making all landings, carrying all kinds of cargo, an accommodation to a Thousand Islander in full a thousand ways; the *Newsboy*, aptly named, because it brings the New York papers daily at 3 P.M.; the *North Star* and the *Caspian*, Sunday excursion favorites; the *New Westminster* and the *Island Belle*; the *Ramona* and the *Island Wanderer*; the *Captain Visger* and the *Castanet*.

Four or five boats, all well equipped to do so, make among them round trips through the islands, make them afternoon and evening, make them so regularly that everyone takes them. Whether one would go by day or night, view scenes by sun or searchlight, these are at his service. In this way, and for hire, any one may have just as excep-



Yachting, The Thousand Islands

Courtesy, N. Y. Central Lines

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tional facilities for viewing the islands as those afforded to owners of private yachts. The views are the same; the channel is certainly the same and naught other than yachts, although public yachts, are the vessels themselves.

"The New *Island Wanderer* on her Famous Fifty-Mile Tour," shouts the advertisement in its reddest type where it hangs in the sun on all the walls beside the pier. The ticket agent in the shade expatiates on the economy. A fifty-mile ride for fifty cents! A cent a mile, and an average of twenty islands to the mile to make a thousand! "Come up"—more type, yellow or blue, and even larger, invites,—"with the Captain on the Bridge."

Leaving "The Bay" we cross toward the Canadian side. We go up the river, through that farther channel, cross over toward Clayton, and come down by the American channel. Meantime we have waltzed, reversed, doubled on our course, redoubled and tied such knots in it, so it seems, that we are lost, bewildered, dazed, made dizzy by the intricate windings of the mystic maze that we have penetrated. It is a bright afternoon and the trip is one long to be remembered. Looking ahead from the forward deck, the scene is one as



shifting as that seen when looking backward from the platform of a moving train. Nowhere else will you so often want a camera; for nowhere else will you find yourself taken so often and so suddenly from one new scene to another. Meanwhile you are passing every size of island, meeting every kind of craft, escaping every danger, and consequently having, without any risk, every possible variety of thrill.

Arriving at your starting point, you will have one impression as a whole from out which, as from one composite, it will take time for details to shape themselves. As you walk home, however, as you think back upon it, these half-dozen special things will disengage themselves, these factors fix themselves in memory. First, there is, as though one impression, the still conjoint one of the light, color, speed, and motion, all the things that go to make a moving picture. There is the sense of elation, of keenest exhilaration, induced by the ozone-scented atmosphere; for there is always a strong breeze of cool air blowing on the river, no odds what the weather bureau may provide on shore. You have graven on your memory also a copy of the channel's crooked

course; you really wonder how the steersman ever keeps the same course twice, or ever finds his way once for that matter. You recall the special point at which the propeller was stopped, where in a deep and shaded chasm we "drift through the rift." It was as though we floated on the merest brook between two walls precipitous. On either side, from either deck, we could almost reach out our hands and touch the framed picture of vine-painted, moss-bordered shore. You remember, too, the water's depth. At all points it is clear, limpid, and crystal-like. It was beside "The Palisades" we were told that, according to the government chart, it is 240 feet to the bottom underneath the steamer's keel.

One will have noted the contrast between things of beauty in two regions along the two main channels. It is along the American side especially that the islands are "improved"; on the Canadian side most of them are in their unimproved condition. The average of their attractiveness is still about the same. On those of one group there is as much civilized verdure as there is refined rusticity upon the other. And the luxury of the life here! The expenditures of wealth and ingenuity!

The architecture, real and imitative, of these summer homes! There are towers and turrets, castles, causeways, gateways, arbors, arches; and of stone or shingle, log or granite, are built house or cottage, bungalow or palace. The rule is one island to one owner. Where this rule prevails, his house of course is his castle; his domicile dominates his whole estate. Around this, close to the water's edge, you may expect rows of small houses, in series as large a number and in size as varied as the rows of sheds for horses in the outyard round a country church.

When I think back over all, however, the one thing I remember most distinctly is the sense of contrast. Every feature, every factor, every item in the scene was offset by its opposite. This may have been what caused such series of surprises. The islands themselves differ each one from the foregoing in size, shape of coast, color of foliage, and most of all in manner and degree of decoration. In every way they form a fitting border to the channel, dizzy, winding, intricate, and tortuous. You have no idea what that channel, as you follow it, is going to do next. Now it narrows itself down into a river; now it opens out into a lake;

alternately it threads its way between two cliff-like banks covered with vines and trailing creepers and opens out on a broad expanse with flat shores far away on either side; now it is a lazy labyrinth among some rocky islets and now a succession of coves where lie water-lilies like snow-flakes on their broad, flat-leaf carpet; in sight, in the distance, there are just as likely to be sun-scorched crags where brown lichens crisp in the parching glare as near at hand there are to be deep dells, shady and cool, rich in a wealth of ferns and spongy, dark-green mosses.

It is when we cross the boundary line to the Canadian side that there begin the rarest scenes of sylvan beauty. As we traverse this and come back again, nature shades into art as art did into nature, imperceptibly. Here begin once more islands dotted with cottages, in all sorts of picturesque surroundings; here again is contrast upon contrast. Some of these show from among the trees, some perch on rocky cliffs, some snuggle in the arms of foliage-clad, low-lying little islands and some in as many coves along the mainland. Yonder is a bungalow covered completely with vines and flowers, yonder a mansion scorning the

aid even of shade trees. Here is an artificial plot, a masterpiece of landscape gardening; there is an old-fashioned flower-garden with receding, winding paths. In sight a little cabin built on one protruding rock sits and looks on, as any cat might look at a king, at the "Seven Isles," connected by as many rustic bridges, making one estate.

One other thing stands out in memory. In addition to originality in architecture, ingenuity in making the most in size out of areas so limited, I recall the cleverness, the humor, the real individuality displayed in giving names to places and things, but especially to boats. Of places that we passed to-day there were, beside the Rift and the Lost Channel, the Sunken Rock and the Out-of-Sight Channel, Grindstone Island and the Horse-Shoe Channel, the Needle's Eye and the Fiddler's Elbow, the shapes or else the contours forming outlines to suggest the names. Of names of islands some seem commonplace, until one remembers the part that affection has played in their christening. One wants to know the sponsors, for instance, of Ella, Mary, Elsinore, Rosetta, Florence, Belle, and Josephine Islands, Points

Marguerite and Vivian, not to say Little Fraud and Little Angel. If Goose Island or Hen Island seem a travesty, think of Wild Rose, Arcadia, the Isle of Pines, and Jolly Oaks, Casa Blanca and St. Elmo. Or are these commonplace: Cherry, Pear, Pine, Cedar, Hemlock Islands? Then try these: Lone Brother, Little Sister, Slim, Poverty, Sugar, Deer, Heart, and Picnic. Or imagine yourself on an Idlehurst or Idlewild, on Welcome or Auf Wiedersehen, on Edenista and Unedarest. Last of all, say these, say them forward or backward, trippingly, Neh-mah-bin, Kee-way-den, Way-wi-net, Opa-wa-ka Islands, Meg-os-sog-won Bay, and Oswegatchie Point.

But it is of boats that most names have been taken from the glossary of Hiawatha: *Chee maun* (a birch-bark canoe); *Keego* (fish); *Wawa* (a seagull); *Wabasso* (the rabbit); *Nene moosha* (Sweet-heart); *Soangetaha* (Strong Heart); *Kabibonokka* (the North Wind); *Ish koo dah* (the comet). There are racing boats so swift that they are rightly named *Courier*, *Cormorant*, *Mercury*, *Puck*, *Electra*, and *Niagara*. And there are all the others. In number these are legion. They are mostly small, the smaller the more mischiev-

ous, as noisy as small boys at play, as flitting and flirtatious as schoolgirls; young rascals, little minxes, making of their work of transportation one rollicking, romping play. There are the *Lotus*, *Nepenthe*, the *Geisha* and the *Gaiety Girl*, the *Nymph* and *Mermaid*, *Toots*, and *Muggins*, *Happy Hours*, *Over the Waves*, *Golden Rod*, *Sassy-cat*, *O U*, *Ugo*, *Ugoigo*, *U go 2*, *We Go*, *U and I*, *What is it*, *U No*, *Idunno*, *Guess*, and *Just Brown*.

There are few scenes more entrancing than the evening trip through the islands, illuminated. Whether you look from the land or from the water, whether you watch the procession or march with the band, whether you view the grand illumination, the myriad colored lights on shore, or sit and see the searchlights playing from the vessels out across the water, you esteem as almost miraculous the change wrought by electric lighting. Here is a marvel in the realm of beauty only second to that in the realm of power wrought by the use of gasoline. For example, the searchlight on the steamer *St. Lawrence* alone is United States Navy Standard one-million candle-power. The original Thousand and One Nights might have been spent here, an island to a night, and this



lamp would have served Aladdin's purpose. He did not forecast in fancy greater marvels than are here revealed in fact.

There goes the sunset gun, fired at the Yacht Club! It ought to be dusk, but it is not. Nor will it be dark here on shore—it will not be allowed to be—for hours to come. The sunlight fades so slowly and the artificial light comes on so surely, both so gradually, neither grudgingly, the evening twilight looks like breaking daylight. On the shore the huge tower is a beacon of light; out on the water are as many boats as dancers on a ball-room floor. And there is as much color also, even as much motion; and of music also, most melodious of music, even if lacking in rhythm; for it is the music of laughter, laughter as rippling as the sound of water.

If one listens in the place of wailing he will hear sometimes the phrase: "The passing of the Thousand Islands." But these are the words of pessimists or partisans—more probably of automobile salesmen. It is true there are not here good roads. How could there be? Where build them? On pontoons? The automobile craze has naturally drawn from this region some of the erstwhile

residents; but sooner or later they will all return. At least they will be replaced and the place will be recurrently repopulated. Fads may come and fads may go, but the old St. Lawrence just flows on complacently, self-confidently, with full self-assurance of its worth and continued appreciation. Myriads will pass through it; others who know not its charms may pass it by; but the charm itself will remain.

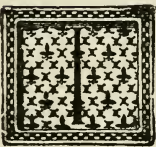
The place is one too beautiful and too extensive, too unique and too nearly all-satisfying, to be speedily or even finally unpopular. Too much money has been expended here in the purchase of islands and in beautifying them with villas, and too much affection is wrought in with reminiscence to make it possible that, with the charm of this climate and scenery added, the resort can ever be other than a favorite one. The rounded isles and sheltering shores, the broadening river and the serrated land, are destined to be peopled summers without number by a population of those who seek health, recreation, rest, and the joys of life aflood and afield. With its sheltered harbors for yachtsmen, its summer homes for island owners, its cottage colonies for vacationists, and its cara-

vansary hotels for tourist travelers, it will go on for years to come, as many as it has for years ago, to draw its clientele from those who love the beautiful—a host whose home is everywhere.

## CHAPTER VIII

### What People Do at Chautauqua

*The Epitome of Mediocrity; an Institution for  
the Refinement of the Commonplace*

“S that eight o'clock train a good one for Chautauqua?" I asked of the agent at Buffalo early one morning in August. "My dear sir!" he replied, "where have you been all your life not to know that any train bound for Chautauqua's a good train?"

So, indeed, we found it. Two hours brought us to a junction and a short transfer to Mayville, there to take a boat. The country all along the way is pleasant to the eye of those who love thrift, tidiness, and plenty. Every rolling hill is patched with green and brown and gold; on one side are the famous vineyards of New York and on the other are its dairy farms. All of a sudden the train on the branch road going south begins to

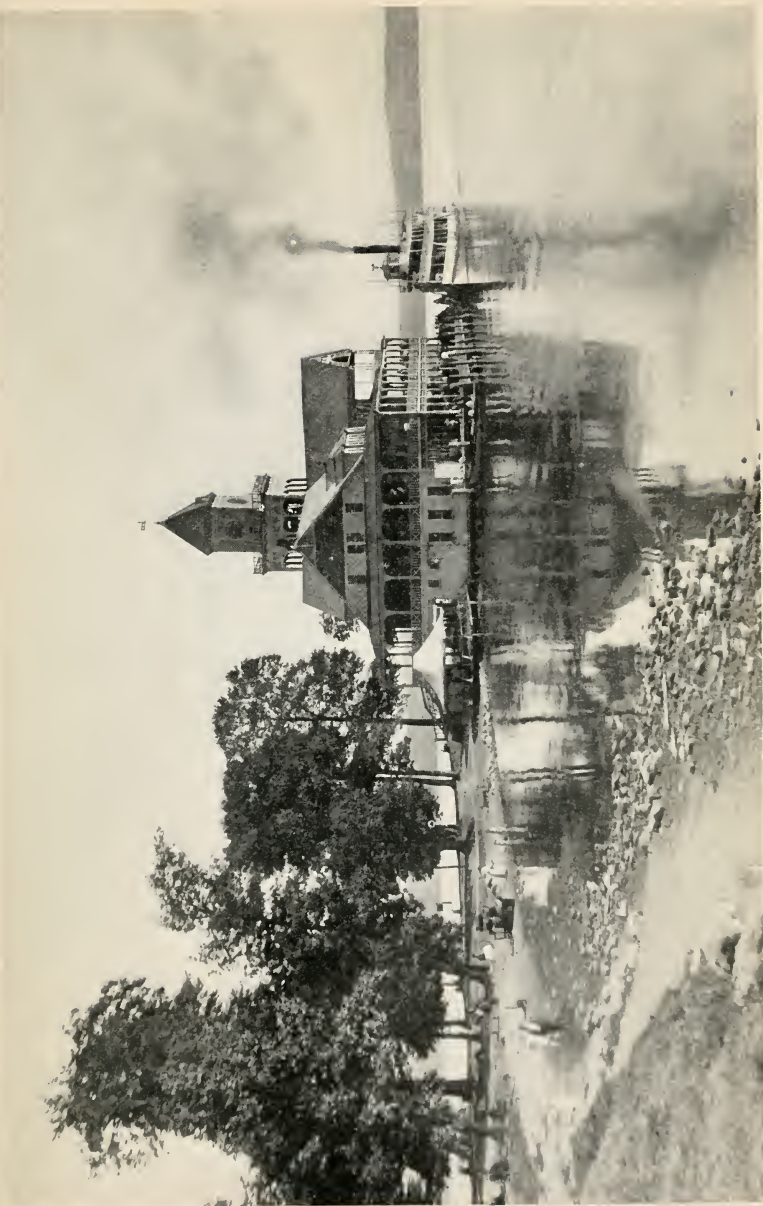
climb a heavy grade caused by those curious rock and cave formations which denote some great upheaval of the earth here once, with the result that Lake Chautauqua, although lying only nine miles back from Lake Erie, has a higher altitude by seven hundred feet.

Once aboard, as the boat emerges into the open, a magnificent view of water, land, and sky presents itself. The lake has such a multiplicity of charms that one can understand now why it draws its lovers to its side each year in constantly increasing numbers. Lying between wooded hills and fruitful fields, and extending half-way across the State at its narrow sunset end, it has that picturesqueness which, in the Old World, has made so famous the Lake-Region of England, the Lakes of Killarney, or the Lochs of Scotland. Fed by springs beneath the surface, its waters are both fresh and cool, its depths clear and translucent. Twenty miles long, broadest near the middle, and tapering toward both ends, it looks much like a hammock swung between the hills—which very simile suggests the comforts found along its shores.

Across this lake from point to point, conveying passengers from pier to pier and furnishing the

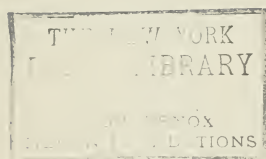
means for fine excursion outings, go the dozen boats, in naming which the company has paid court to those cities from which most of the passengers come. We had been on board the *Pittsburg* only half an hour when we espied, off on a point along shore toward which the boat was veering as though of itself from such long force of habit, something which at first sight looked much like the fluttering of flocks of birds' wings, but which soon developed on approach into the waving of white handkerchiefs—the famous Chautauqua Salute.

We deposited our baggage at the Athenæum, the only hotel in this strange home-loving colony, and having made peace with the landlord strolled forth on the shaded portico to get our bearings. Here we were in the far-famed Summer City on the Lake. And a beautiful place it was—beautiful, bountiful, cool, healthful, restful. With the thermometer well up in the nineties where we came from, it was pleasant here to note the contrast at this altitude. The very outlook, too, should be a cure for any nervous malady: broad, wooded slopes and fair green fields across the lake rested the eye; orchards and gardens and meadows



Boat Landing, Chautauqua  
Courtesy, Chautauqua Institution, New York





gave hint of good things to eat; while, on the nearer side, row-boats lay temptingly near shore, a long bathing-pavilion stretched out piers to dive from, and wide spreading maples with their shade invited us to come and lie down and be lazy.

And the colony itself! It is a city rather of two hundred houses, built in and embowered by virgin forest. Glimpses between those nearest, with their stretches of broad, well-kept lawn, gave promise of extensive settlement beyond, where row on row of densely shaded thoroughfares are lined with pleasant homes. The scene sets one to wondering why towns and cities are always built on cleared land when, as one learns here, it is so much pleasanter to live in a town located in a grove.

Here, then, is a summer city in an autumn climate—a place where both mosquitoes and malaria are unknown, and where one can keep cool even in the dog-days; a place where it is not good form to kill time, and yet where people live leisurely with more regard for health, enjoyment, and comfort than for fashion, excitement, and display; a place which is safeguarded by regulations, yet

where, in the variety of interests provided, any reasonable person can find anything he wants.

It is a curious place: an excursion resort with no venders of guidebooks; a perpetual picnic without lemonade; a crowd without pickpockets; an assemblage without police. It is a place where newsboys sell "A magazine of things worth while"; a place where work is made a pastime and where play is turned to profit; a place where information is absorbed and culture is assimilated; a place where they that increase knowledge run to and fro and give to that knowledge impulse to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

It was the hotel porter, coming at that moment with our keys and baggage checks who offered to "put us on to the Bureau," and to "fix us at Headquarters." First of all, we must do what every newcomer does: we must register. To do this we must go up to the Information Bureau. To get information here, we learned, one has only to touch a button of one of the two young chaps who are the clerks; they will do the rest. Oh, those two poor mortals! And yet they both seemed to enjoy their occupation. Through all that questioning by all those people they pre-

served their good humor. Perhaps their pride in their dexterity kept them in spirits. Well it might. They reminded me of jugglers performing the feat of catching, twirling round their heads, and hurling back at those who fired them missiles in the form of questions shot at them by phalanxes a dozen platoons deep. To change the figure, what I did was merely to stand by with my hat in my hand, and listen. At the end of ten minutes there had dropped into it all sorts of answers to the questions of the crowd. Since then I have only to scratch my head and out come these figures:

Point Chautauqua is seventy miles from Buffalo, two hundred from Pittsburg, and four hundred from New York. It can be reached by four trunk-line railroads. The elevation of the lake is fourteen hundred feet. It is, in fact, the highest navigable body of water east of the Rocky Mountains. The Assembly Grounds embrace one hundred and eighty-five acres. They have fine roadways, a good water supply, electric lights, an efficient fire department, a daily newspaper—and an admission fee. Fifty thousand persons visit the place every season; which means that the average population is about ten thousand a day.

There are, in round numbers, five hundred cottages. Of these, nearly one hundred are practically small hotels; while seventy or eighty are rented from year to year by visitors. The remainder are the private cottages of families who make this their summer-home each year and thus form a permanent nucleus of population. The town is a notably circumspect one; no strong drink is sold; no games of chance are allowed; on Sunday no boat or train arrives or leaves, and the whole catalogue of amusements is such as are approved by sound conventional propriety. A curfew bell is rung at ten o'clock at night.

So much for facts and figures. To learn of Chautauqua, not only as a place but as an idea, as a policy and as a movement; to learn what a Chautauquan really is and to catch the Chautauqua spirit; to get the lay of the land and to learn the *raison d'être* of this strange place, one must go, literally, to Headquarters. That is, one must go in next door, to a building where there are the offices of those who direct, in three distinct channels, the full flow of these summer activities.

First, there are the central offices of the Chautauqua Scientific and Literary Circle—an institu-

tion for popular education founded in 1874 by Lewis Miller and John H. Vincent. That seed planted in that year has grown into a vine whose trellises fairly encircle the globe. This central office, by the aid of the post-office, directs a correspondence system, and mails that go by rail, ship, stage, and horseback carry the teaching of an all-the-year-round "School for Out-of-School People" to the world's end—to the east and to the west, to Canada and to Florida, to Scotland and the Sandwich Islands, to India and Capetown—everywhere. The stimulus of a few of these members meeting here a few weeks sends the thrill of its vigor into all the weeks of all the year. The graduation exercises of each class mark the culmination of this part of each summer's work. These ceremonies are those of commencements everywhere. They are held in the grove, when officers and counselors and graduates and undergraduates join in a procession with banners, badges, flower girls, and music, to escort the graduating class, through the Golden Gates, under the Arches, into the Hall of Philosophy.

Second, there is the Summer School. This is a titular university which has its charter from the

State of New York: its meeting places are in its own various buildings. Here one may take courses in practically anything, from Greek-syntax to basket-weaving, and back again through all the range, from kindergarten to cooking, from calisthenics to ceramics, from arithmetic to numismatics. More than twenty-five hundred students gather each year during the six weeks' session for instruction under a faculty of one hundred and twenty-five members, brought from the leading universities, academies, and normal schools of the United States and Canada. One hundred and seventy-five courses, exclusive of many special classes for private instruction, are offered in the fifteen different schools.

Third, there is the Assembly. This meets for fifty days each summer, and its place of meeting is the Amphitheater, which will seat five thousand people, and whose platform is a national clearing house of public opinion. The Assembly is an organization which has for its object the promotion of the intellectual, social, and moral welfare of the people. Few men of anything like wide repute have not at some time stood on that platform and few questions of any great importance



have not been discussed there by experts. These meetings are held in the afternoons. There is also a varied program of concerts and entertainments for the evenings.

For anything else one would know about Chautauqua one has only to go across the street, enter a building the name of which nobody knows, and find there a young man whom everyone knows. Did mortal man ever have such a position as he? The "Old Lady who Lived in a Shoe" had peace and quietness compared with him. President of the Museum, Superintendent of the Lost and Found Office, and General Press Agent; is there anything he does not know? Ask him and see. From him we learned that Chautauqua stands for something else besides work; that it stands as well for play; that the place is one for education but for recreation also, and that those who come for either or both get what they come for. To be sure, there are young women who attend seven classes a day, with conference between times, who sit sedately at round-tables and discuss methods and principles, and cast, meanwhile, side-glances at their more frivolous sisters—but whether of reproach or envy it were hard to say.

This man also told us other things which only he could tell. From him we found out that the proudest boast of this resort is that it furnishes something for everybody at every hour of every day. He told us of the "Arts and Crafts Village," where a hundred grown-up men and women amuse themselves daily doing things which denote the revival of handicraft. He told us of the Outlook Club at Higgins Hall, where two hundred young ladies from sixteen years old upward meet and thrash out their life problems; he told us how to locate the Vacation School, where a score of little ones are kept employed constructing in their play a mimic City Beautiful; told us of the Model Palestine down by the Lake Front, where space is economized by using the Dead Sea for a reservoir, and having a power-house under the Hill of Hermon; told us, too, that in the grove are eighty different kinds of trees, and that biography and botany are taught by labeling each one of these with the name of its species and the name of some distinguished person whose memorial it is.

We heard stories also: of the young man, for instance, who lost a wager of a box of candy over one of those trees, mistaking the name, Beecher,

for the species, Beech; of the young lady, who, although it was not customary to go sailing without a chaperon, pleaded with her aunt that, in her case, it was all right because that, while she was not yet engaged she thought she would be before she got back; of the boy who went down to the bathing beach one hot day and could not get a suit because they were all hired, who came back crying to his mother that the lake was full of people; told us of the little girl who, prompted by her elder brother, whom she had teased to make a balloon for her, came to the Lost and Found Office to get "a hole to put some tissue paper round," and of the little tot who got things mixed up at the Kindergarten and quoted naïvely: "The Lord's my Shepherd has lost His sheep and can't tell where to find them."

It happened that this afternoon was the one set for the "Annual Circus." This is a great event each year, both for the little folk who dress in such astonishing ways, impersonating animals, and for the older folk, their parents and their friends, who pay their dimes to see the show. In fact, any catalogue of occupations here that would leave out the children would be incomplete. Two

things impress you from the very moment you enter the grounds: one is that there are so many children here; the other is that you never see them anywhere. This does not mean what it would mean elsewhere—that they are in mischief; for they seldom are. They are simply kept busy: that is the secret.

There is a Boys' Club of two hundred members, with its gymnasium classes, nature-study classes, etc. They do a dozen things, from going camping at Point Whiteside to sailing their regattas on the Sea of Galilee. There is a Girls' Club also of as many members who do other and as many things. Excursions, tramps, hay-rides, and every possible form of healthy recreation is provided for them all throughout the season.

The night of this the day of our arrival was Old First Night. It was to be celebrated in the Amphitheater; so there we sought seats early. Covered only by the roof, and open on all sides, well ventilated, brilliantly illuminated, cool, and spacious, it is an ideal auditorium, its seats sloping back in a raised half-circle keeping the contour of the hillside. To it came that great crowd, happy, jubilant, expectant. Gayly dressed and

lightly plumed, they looked like droves of doves flocking to open windows. There were those who were there for the first time; there were those also who had been on the front seat on every first Tuesday in August for thirty years past, and who have known Fair Point from the time of the pine torch to the era of electric light. These are the old First Nighters; yet they seem to have discovered the true "Fountain of Perpetual Youth."

But who are the others and where are they from? If one were an anthropologist or sociologist, one would find material here for a study of types; for they come from all over the country. There is no State that was not represented there. That Amphitheater, on that night each year, is probably the most truly American place on this continent. There one can see in process of formation that which is destined to be a national type— including facial expression and tone of voice.

And one's greatest interest would be in the mixture of these types. At my elbow, for example, sat a woman who had come all the way from California to receive her diploma on Recognition Day. At her elbow sat a professor from one of the Big Four Eastern Colleges who had come up

to lecture in the Summer School. In the seat in front of him was a young man from Massachusetts whose purpose here was to train for a position as athletic instructor. Two ladies behind me were talking in the unmistakable accent of the soft, salubrious South. A school teacher from Missouri was resenting the joke about having to have a point put in her hand before she could see it—which joke was being told by the Senator from Texas, who spoke from the platform. Such is the mixture here of life and character. But the special type of buoyancy and vivacity is that of the Middle West, to which by right of appropriation Chautauqua belongs; rather, to be more accurate, that belt of country which extends indefinitely west from Philadelphia, through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, bordered on its sides by New York, Maryland, and Kentucky, and ending somewhere in the Mississippi Valley.

Nor was the speech on that platform all serious that night. There was wit and humor also. The people had learned from past experience to expect much raillery between those speakers at that time; they were ready also in their loyalty to be electrified by reminiscences. The speaker who

made the hit of the evening was the one who put two lines of shading in his picture of Chautauqua, thus:

"Did you ever notice that it rains at Chautauqua?" he inquired. "I went to Niagara to see if more water fell there than did here one day last week. Well, it did not; but I have discovered why it rains here. The clouds passing over listen to the speeches and the songs, and they weep with delight just as sweet Alice did when Ben Bolt smiled. And, too, the lake-flies? I have discovered why these come here. They come to alight on the beautiful cheeks that here abound. And I don't blame them. If I were one of them I would come a thousand miles for such a resting-place. They say they only live one day. A wooden-headed, heartless, old bachelor suggested to me that the paint killed them. I told him, if that were so, then all I had to say was: 'It is a good way to die.' "

Such was one day alone at Chautauqua. We spent enough time here to learn the truth of the statement that "The test of a man is what he does with his leisure." That leisure is improved here on the principle that education is life, and that,



therefore, education should end only with life. We learned also that each day there is more or less regular routine. Meals are had at seven, twelve, and six, the sandwich custom prevailing of having dinner in the middle of the day. After breakfast the center of life is the Market Square; then it is the Pier, where friends are met upon arrival or are speeded on their way; and so on all the day long. I learned this order by taking a walk that first morning. The chimes on the Pier Tower were striking nine o'clock. Across the lake the sun lit up the hills, the fences of whose fields themselves framed landscape pictures. Over the lake was the charm of the cool and sparkling sky-mirror whose frame is the beautifully wooded undulating beach; while, close at hand, was a great grove of maples.

Between the hotel and the Market Square one may see curious sights. This is probably the only place in the world where one may meet a woman carrying Virgil's *Æneid* under one arm, en route from a lecture, and a dressed chicken under the other for dinner; or where one may meet a man carrying Schiller's poems in his pocket and a lawn-mower over his shoulder. Sitting

under trees, on cottage piazzas, in swings and rustic seats—everywhere, are persons writing letters home. From all about there rises that which constitutes a medley of sounds: dishes being washed in kitchens; music being practiced in the cottage parlors; college boys playing guitars and banjos; young folks reading aloud to the old; the happy call of children, and the morning greetings of those who know each other intimately. Over head, among the trees, there breathes the summer singing of a thousand birds; out from the Amphitheater the music rises of the choir's daily rehearsal; from the boat-house rings the rippling yell of the Boys' Club, boarding their launch; while answering it comes a cheer from the four-oared crew at practice on the lake.

At the Pier there is almost the excitement that attends the arrival or embarking of an ocean liner. There is the movement also that attends a crowd of women at a bargain sale; for wherever two or three dozen women are gathered together, will there not be shopping going on in the midst of them? In this building there are curio-shops, furriers' booths, and flower and candy stalls, filled

with merchandise and decorated with things of every charming shade and color.

Having done the morning's marketing and the day's shopping, having dispatched their letters home, and having seen friends in and out, people now betake themselves to their regular forenoon avocations. Young men and maidens seek their favorite nooks in shady spots; the hammocks and the lounging places on piazzas hold still others. While the more studious ones go off to lectures, the more frivolous resort to play. Some go to classes, others to tennis. Women go off to a lecture or a concourse with some book or fancy-work in hand, and the men seek their own resort, the Men's Club on the Lake Front. There one may sit on the piazza and find one's self among a group of men from Chillicothe or Altoona, talking over subjects to their liking, from the way steel rails are made to jury systems and ballot reform.

After midday dinner the centers of life are two: the Amphitheater and the Athletic Field. In the one Professor Burton held a crowd attentive that day to a lecture on the Life of Whittier; on the other, two baseball teams kept half a dozen thousand people cheering on the packed

greensward grand-stand and small boys chasing balls across the foul line. The players were all college men; for "College Settlement" and "Student Aid" are terms which here find a new meaning. It is essentially a place where the work is done by students. They are such as are not overburdened with this world's goods—lucky mortals—and who, wishing for a pleasant place to spend with profit their vacation, come here and do work while resting. On the boat coming in we were solicited by a young man who was a runner for a cottage; at the gate we bought our tickets from a man on whose head was a college cap; our baggage was looked after by another in a sweater woven in class colors and the head-waiter who ushered us to our chairs in the dining-room wore a fraternity pin. One must look at a man closely when he meets him to determine whether he be a hotel porter or a member of a faculty. Everywhere also the sights and sounds are those of college life: college songs are hummed about the grounds, and glee club airs come strummed on guitars from the cottages. One day I found a walk being swept by a young man whistling a strain from *The Persian Garden*, and one other

day the man who cashed my ticket in the barber-shop did so while he looked up from his reading of *The Merchant of Venice*. Hither the young men from the Ohio colleges, for instance, migrate in the summer as ducks to the Arctic. For eight hours a day they may wait on a table or handle baggage; but after hours they appear out on the lawn, the social peers of all their fellows, gorgeous in bright rainbow sweaters, covered with athletic cryptograms and blazoned with pins jewelled in every Hellenic jargon.

After supper there is no crowd anywhere. The dozen thousand people are so evenly distributed about the grounds that there is no congestion. Nor is there any appearance of fatigue, of being tired after a hard day's work; but rather that of being refreshed after a full day's rest. Slowly the stars come out. There are colored lanterns in the trees. The woods are aglow with phosphorescent light. Long before eight o'clock, the hour for the evening entertainment, the Amphitheater is full. It is a gorgeous sight; that crowd sitting under that brilliant light, dressed in as brilliant but more varied colors, laughing, talking, sociable.

And yet only half the people are here. Where are the others? Where would you expect them to be, when the fireflies have hung golden lace along the lake shore, where the air is balmy and the forest paths are mysteriously, suggestively romantic? Along those paths, down by the lake shore, up in the grove, over on the hillside, on the cottage verandas. Curfew rings—but nothing happens. Never mind. They will come presently, leisurely, two by two, like animals into the ark.

I went like many others to Chautauqua with a false impression; I came back with preconceptions rectified. I had strabismus maybe of my social eyesight; I gained a new insight into ways of others' summer dilectations. Here is the refinement of mediocrity, to be sure; but here is an institution that is making for national social refinement. This is Chautauqua itself: from it goes the impetus for all the local Chautauquas—the present-day grandchildren of the erstwhile West and Middle West camp-meetings. It takes all kinds of people to make up a world; and, in this world, there are all kinds. In this portion of one world, this vast United States, these people

are in the majority. They are accused of crudity? This is their method, not to say their means, of polishing off crudeness. I would not want to spend a summer here—but many better people do.



## CHAPTER IX

### Vacation Trip Across the Continent

*Marking the Lines of Cleavage on a Journey between  
Two Far Seaboards, East and West*



O cross from the Eastern to the Western seaboard on a journey only of five days in transit is a novel mid-summer excursion. From familiar scenes of interest and trite topics of conversation there, through the strange sights and the stranger scenery of a three-thousand mile kaleidoscope of curved earth's surface, to the Pacific Slope, with its other interests and its own topics, with its far-flung aims, its large ambitions, and its open wide-eyed vision, is a far cry certainly.

From reading about German submarines, New Jersey sharks, and Infantile Paralysis, I have come to a land whose shores face other nations, where the only living things of predatory habits are the real-estate ones, where the birth-rate is

prodigious, and graveyards are few and far between. To have come straight from a land where there were threats of arrest to enforce Sunday observance to a region where no day is Sunday—or where all are, depending on your point of view—is a widening and a deepening experience. It is one not to be lost to others in its lessons.

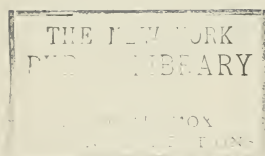
It takes only one short week to make this journey; yet the contrasts are as great as though I had been passenger of Charon, crossed the Styx instead of the wider but less deep Mississippi, and had been dead for a century—or should one say alive? In passage, there are certain well-defined degrees, certain broad areas of distance. These succeed each other, roughly speaking, one a day. They are progressive in their order, illustrating the diversity of interests, as the divergence of ideas, in this one Land of the Setting Sun. The East, the Border East, the Middle West, the Real West, the Great West, the Far West—let no one mistake these nor think that, seeing one alone, he can pass judgment on the others.

One short week since I set out thus from far Philadelphia. Oh, but it was hot: and suitably



Across the Continent

Courtesy, Pennsylvania Railroad Co.



bake-oven shaped was the train-shed of Broad Street Station. We were on a night train and the morning brought naught of relief in the dirt and smoke, the heat and grime of Pittsburg. Through the next night, one of nightmare, we came on the morning of another day to the environs of Chicago. They are wretched—on from Gary, Indiana, on into the city, that self-lauded City by the Inland Sea. It is symbol, emblem, type, epitome, of all that is unsatisfactory in all our crowded, overcrowded, urban centers. Oh, Chicago! Where the tooting of lake steamers is as indistinguishable from similar sounds of locomotives as elsewhere the bells of engines are mistaken sometimes for church bells. But nobody makes that mistake in Chicago.

From the flag-emblazoned lobby of the balloon-shaped hotel, garish, gross, crass, enormous but sensual, to the squalid, squat, monotonous haunts of more brazen but less affluent wickedness, there were sights to attract attention but to detract from devotion. It is a great city—if mere size could connote greatness—but its morale is bad. This, be it said, is its misfortune rather than its fault. It has grown so rapidly that it is having

all its childhood diseases at once. It is in confusion; it is out of health as out of breath; it is as contradictory as a bad, strong, quick-growing boy with chicken-pox.

With its boast of bigness, but its really stunted growth; with its scattered "Union" stations and its puttering Parmlee buses; with its monster university and its largest foreign population of illiterates; with its stifling stock-yards and its yet unstifled soap-box orators; with its tightly closed "Levee" and wider open daylight cabarets, it is as striking an admixture morally as physically. The Lake Drive is the finest in America; but it is like the lobby of a country-town hotel, introductory to over-crowded, under-clean rooms and to civic back-yards as atrociously unkempt.

All this may be because of this city's location. It is at the meeting place of two tides, the one flowing east and the other west. It cannot be both; so it is neither. It could not help being prosperous; wealth has flowed into it. Nor must it be blamed too much. For its virtues are its own; its faults are those of its location. It is the confluence, conflux, whirlpool, human maelstrom of two counter currents. Do not go there and

think you are in the West. And let not those from "Out West" think, in coming that far, they have reached "Back East." Neither happens till you leave Chicago—going either way.

On such a journey also one feels the novelty of the Middle West. For that is a section unique. On from Ohio, out through Kansas maybe, before the Real West begins, there lies that portion, flat, corn-planted, red-barned, and barb-wired, wind-milled, siloed, and soil-sunburned. These things are symbolic of that land without a soul but with a belly full of fat things; short of learning but as long of sentiment—of a camp-meeting sort. Dull, flat it is, and with a populace shirt-sleeved, suspended, tooth-pick eating, hand-shaking, back-slapping, and whistling.

But we came on and, in course, passed to another section. It is out beyond St. Paul or Omaha or Kansas City, depending upon your choice of route, that you first begin to whiff the mental, moral, economic, as well as physical ozone of this rarer region. It is beyond these points that women begin to look modest and that young men are in charge of large affairs. Here the parlor cars bear numbers and give up the pretense of long



names. Here the freight cars are all of one vintage for one train length. Here the railroads are all single track and the trains bear an unmixed cargo, corn or lumber, wheat or cattle, as you are on one of the Hill Roads, the Grangers or Pacifics.

Out upon the open surface of the boundless landscape, this is the Real West. And there is so much of it! There are days of it. It is a land where everything is new, even the children; where the traffic in perambulators is brisk, but where grandfathers have to be imported. You admire these railroads and concede all they have done to make the country. When the crisscross, bias, and gridiron network of the city terminals gives way to double then to single trackage; when we strike our gait—and do not stop; when towns and cities flee away like things seen in a fever dream; in short, when we are in the open prairies, I always feel as though I ought to get off and help to pull the train: so far from all machinery it seems; so foreign it is to its surroundings; such empty environs are these; such illimitable stretches those yonder.

I have a confused recollection of perfectly clear-at-the-time pictures seen but to grow common-

place by frequent repetition. I had not before seen tractor-engines drawing plows, as many of them as teeth to a rake. I had not believed there were such smooth broad fertile valleys where the air is so clear that leagues upon leagues of distance are deceptive as though they were seen through a telescope. There is not a fence to the far-off horizon. This side that horizon, there are alternating fertile and more-fertile acres, prairie, then more prairie, to the foothills. There is wheat and grazing land. There are sheep and horse and cattle country. There are miles of ranches and more miles of reaches. These smooth fertile rolling prairies with their few inhabitants are like the billowy sea with few passengers: both have one contour, one surface, one vast emptiness, one circle-shaped horizon.

Here we come to beds of streams that become torrents in a freshet and are dry as punk at other times. For we are on the edge of the American Desert. Here and there is a runway, of swift-running water, racing as though it were sent for, racing from the disappearing hill slopes. Running where? To waste, gentle reader, to waste. For almost all the water in the world is

wasted that is not poured on this waste and arid land. We are coming to the stretch of land that would be fertile, but is barren. Irrigation is but the task of applying practically the old principle of the "four elements," earth, air, sun, and water. Where you have all four, you have abundance; but, where any one is lacking, you have—well, you have as here a stretch of a thousand miles each way in hollow square directions whose principal products are jack-rabbits, telegraph poles, dry ground, sage-brush, more dry ground and more yet, until the eye grows weary and you become sick of heart. There is wealth in that soil; there is heat of that sun. All the factors are here—all save one. Pour water on that land, under the heat of those rays: it will blossom. It will scarce wait to bloom: it will explode.

Still beyond the Desert, if you go by northern routes, there lie the Plains, these distinct from the Prairies, being higher. For myself, I never tire of riding over them. Through air as clear as crystal, mountains rise off at distances inaccessible. Through windows, as we watched hour after hour, there would come on in order spaces where there

would not be a fence, a house, a sign of human habitation, nothing to the far sky-line, save the big bands of sheep, the droves of cattle, and the herds of horses. Note the nouns: they are not interchangeable.

Stakes in the ground stand bearing names of stations waiting for towns to grow up around them. From these there range innumerable telegraph poles, alkali patches, irrigation ditches, wire lines for long power-plant transmission through vast regions wherein no man is. There would alternate stretches of untamed wilderness and towns with all modern improvements, towns where the asphalt main street ends in a potato patch. But that patch is a field. Scattered, spotted, segregated, there are huge grain elevators, cattle-brakes, freight-sidings, water-tanks, fresh air, more air, miles on square miles of air, but loneliness for those self-immolated—water-tank tenders, track-walkers, and the like—good-natured exiles waving greeting, worthy beggars making frantic signs for a discarded newspaper.

Such is your introduction to the great Far West. You approach the mountains, cross them, and descend into the Climate Belt. Those mountains

may be seen, but not described; they must be experienced, not told about. Snow sheds and the chill of the air apprise you that here is the land of Weather—which is the grandsire of Climate. Of course, in a region where the altitude is that indicated by the puffing of this locomotive, by three of them rather, one would expect the weather to be at least topic of conversation. And it is. The winter weather, they say, is severe beyond belief. Only a few Indians and natives stay out of doors up here to see it through. All other humans abandon the region. And yet such is the pride of possession, so loyal are these hardy denizens to the land of their adoption, that they will not admit that this cold is a detriment.

Millions of people, this summer as last, are touring the Far West, making transcontinental journeys in lieu of journeys formerly transoceanic. At last they are "Seeing America First." But, seeing soon or late, the first time they do see their country as a whole they have a veritable revelation. They gain a new breadth of view from viewing it in its entirety. They are born again; they become new creatures; that same happens

to them socially, or rather sociologically, long since in religion called regeneration.

This is working out a cure for something that has long been the curse of this country; that is to say, for narrow provincialism. What this country needs more than anything else—and needs worse just at present than it ever did before—is such cohesion as can be brought about only by mutual understanding, and that in turn by mutual acquaintance, between its diverse and far separated sections. We are not yet a nation. There are The United States; but there is not yet A United States.

Nor is this divergence racial alone, as has been supposed. It is not even so primarily. It is geographical and economic. It is social, as it was once thought to be religious. It is lateral, not longitudinal—as it once was. There used to be a line of demarcation between North and South; now the meridians of prejudice run more like chalk-lines of a football gridiron, quite the other way across. The European war, by stopping foreign travel, gave the impetus to this new kind of travel that can do so much to rub these lines away. It has brought to us some problems, also,

in the solving of which we shall need nothing else so much as the eradication of those very lines.

And one other error needs correction. This prejudice, this provincialism, is not most in evidence among the ignorant and unsophisticated; it has been worst in the upper strata of American society. Among these, it has been worse in the East than in the West—and for a reason. Westerners have been more cosmopolitan, at least they have been more cosmopolite, than Easterners. Whereas relatively few people in the East have known the West by seeing it, most Western people know both West and East by having seen both certainly. They have been overland both ways. This is in part because so many of them have been born East; it is more because of their inborn delight in travel and their innate disregard for distance.

But that stay-at-home, self-satisfied, smug, self-complacent Easterner! He—and as often she—is a national menace. Out here, wherever there is a like provincial narrowness, it is because a second generation has grown up, prosperous because isolated, kings in their own right, who know not Joseph. I have met them both.



As a type of the former, I recall the remark of a lady in New York before I set out on this journey: "What on earth do you see in those Western cities? Are they not all alike, street cars and cafeterias and that sort of thing?" She reminds me of the yawning, blasé globe-trotter in Switzerland, when his wife wished to go onward from Lucerne to Interlaken: "Aw, I suppose we might as well be there as here; a lot of scenery and that sort of thing."

Upon the other hand, as type of something menacing to us who ought to know it in the East, here speaks a man in all frank honesty: "What do we care about 'preparedness'? Why, the whole German fleet might bombard New York, and levy as large a ransom as they pleased. They could not reach us here in Denver. We don't care how high your Singer Building is—or whether it is at all, for that matter."

That woman in New York would buy books for her library with the chief thought of having the colors of the bindings match the woodwork and the furnishings. She would not mean to read them; therefore, why care what was in them? This man's reasoning, out here in Denver, is like

that of the traveler at sea, who, when warned that the boat was sinking and advised to get up and put on a life preserver, turned the other way in bed and grumbled, "Go away, I don't own the boat."

Are those conditions, of which these two types are true epitomes, the one more than the other, healthy in a country where Democracy as form of government is—whether by the arts of war or peace—confessedly to be on trial in this next decade as it has never been, time or place otherwise or elsewhere? But what shall change them? Travel, in some measure, is improving them; but something else is needed; one thing in particular. We need something approaching a national newspaper. Already a few magazines that have a nation-wide circulation prove how far the printed word can carry and how much all types must have in common to read the same fiction in all sections for example. But beneath this lies need for some institution that can present policies and that can press a propaganda.

There is no such at present. The railroads come nearest to it; the churches fall farthest short of it. The first have nation-wide problems and

have learned the value of campaigns in solving them; but their problems are commercial and financial only. The second, the churches, are so uncertain of their message and so quarreling and conflicting in their way of speaking it, that their voice has no ring, and the place of its sounding has no resonance.

Upon this summer's journey of five days across the continent—and, since this is but one of five similar round trips in as many years, I have had opportunity for observation—I feel keenly this whole lamentable lack. I have been across all longitudes and—since these journeys have been by all the main railway lines—I have been athwart all latitudes of the Republic. I have been impressed by two things in particular: the possibility of uniformity, as illustrated in the way familiar things accost one on all hands; but, secondly, the absence of united effort at what goes toward a whole united people's uplift, the unification of their enthusiasms or the correlation of their best endeavors toward anything approaching Nationalism. The first fact is illustrated in trade journals, trade-marks, advertisements, in accessories to comfort, and in means of entertainment.

But it stops on the hard—or soft—outer surface. It does not go deeper than the people's pleasures. At most, it goes only to the depth of their prosperity.

There are, I say, many identities. One is amazed at the ubiquity of certain types of automobiles; he notes the universal presence of a well-known chain of five and ten cent stores; he reads illustrated magazines in Fargo, North Dakota, or in Butte, Montana, the same day they appear on the news-stands in Camden or Hoboken; I have heard the latest ragtime and observed the newest dances in Reno and Walla Walla; I attended Mary Pickford movies in the Arizona desert and heard Harry Lauder records in the mining camps of Tonopah; you can buy familiar collars, candies, and smoking tobacco, shoot the chutes, or curl your hair electrically, buy the same perambulators, patent medicines, and dancing pumps in all the farthest corners of this largest land.

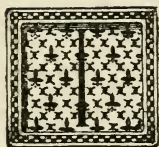
And everybody's doing it. Why cannot they preach and practice uniformly, think collectively, and act conjointly? The important fact is, they do not. In our merchandise and in our pleasures, in our work and in our play, we have amazing

unity; but, in the larger things of life, in the best things the nation needs, we are tied together only with a rope of sand. We are but a congeries of peoples; we are scarcely yet a people.

## CHAPTER X

### A Sunday in Yellowstone Park

*A Study of Heaven: Where Is it and  
What Is it Worth?*



It was the fifth day of the six days' tour by which parties who explore the Yellowstone National Park do so in the regulation way, coming in at the northern entrance, encircling the 140-mile route, and back to it again. Our party, composed of the hundred or more people that such parties average each day, had breakfasted at the Lake Hotel and driven to the Canyon Hotel, ten miles, before lunch, here to spend the afternoon and night.

That lunch dispatched with such promptness as other days' experience had taught us was wise in a land where there is so much else to do more pleasurable and more profitable, all set out in one direction, along a beaten trail beside which stands

a sign: "To the Great Falls and Canyon." For a mile this trail leads through a forest which screens, as though jealously the view beyond, a forest grown so dense that to be penetrated it must be drawn aside literally like a curtain from before that picture it conceals—conceals only to reveal more strikingly because thus suddenly.

For, of a sudden, the pathway becomes a steep descent, straight to the very brink of the Falls, a point where opens out a view than which there is no other in the world at once quite so majestic and so beautiful. It is that point at which a whole river, having flowed for one hundred and fifty miles, drops, at a width of one hundred feet, over the sheer precipitous face of a cliff, three hundred and fifty feet, into a canyon whose walls rise fifteen hundred feet, are half a mile apart, and wind off a distance of six sinuous miles.

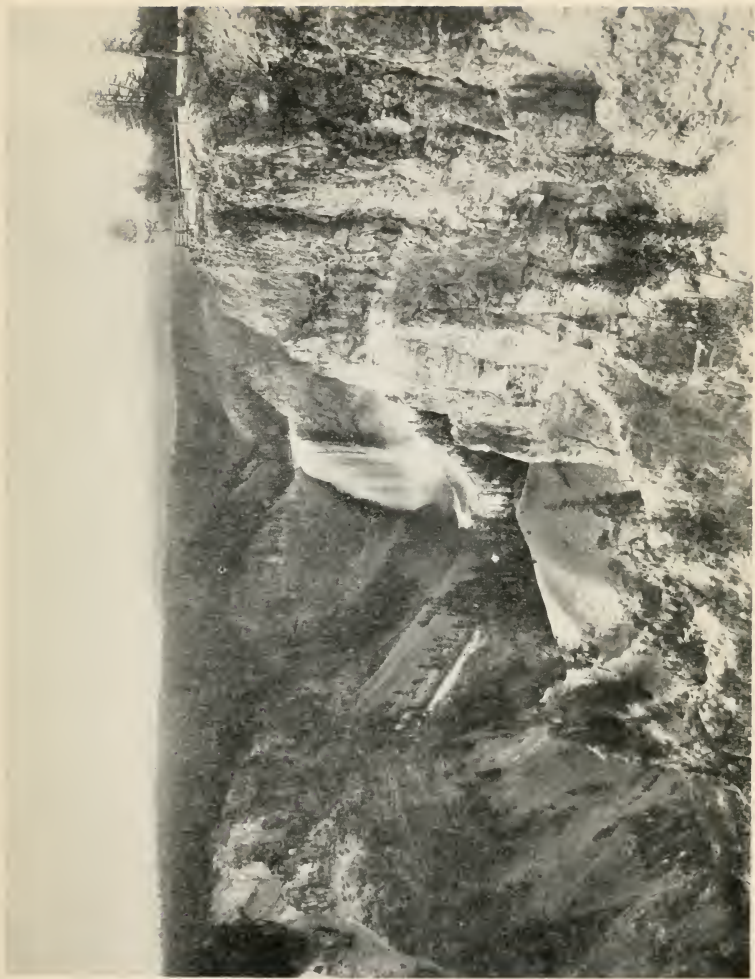
The water fairly goes mad in the pitching, tumbling turmoil of its blind leap from immensity into infinity, and all the phraseology of sanity breaks down in trying to express its wild delirium. When the sunlight smites those canyon walls and adds still other hues to those that Nature has already laid there, it looks as though the earth had fallen



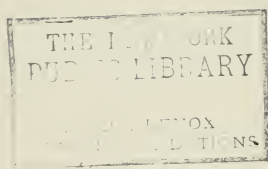
open and disclosed unwittingly its vari-colored wardrobe and its chest of choicest jewels. They are conjointly the peroration of all beauty, majesty, and grandeur—that River, these Falls, and this Canyon.

I forgot to say that the day was Sunday. We had all forgot the fact as well. We had traveled all forenoon; but certainly we had arrived at the most wonderful cathedral imaginable. That nave between those hills would have been large enough to seat a million worshipers; the forms of those peaks were like temple domes or tall cathedral spires; the roar of that magnificent cataract was as though all the choirs of heaven were rendering their anthems at once; and the sight of those colors was more beautiful than any chancel or rood-screen ever yet graven by art or man's device. I heard a sermon also, and it was this that I set out to tell about. It is best phrased in terms of an allegory. The text? "I saw a new heaven and a new earth . . . for the former things are passed away."

There is one experience practically all have had in common—namely, in realizing, at some time, that their childhood—or childish, if you will—conception of heaven has passed away. I mean



Falls and Canyon, The Yellowstone  
Courtesy, Northern Pacific R. R. Co.



the erstwhile conception of a material, localized heaven. The average man's attitude to-day toward this special item of his faith is different even from what it was a generation ago. In so far as they speak to him in terms of it, he has turned his back upon theology; he has walked out of church.

But, everyone has been reminded also that, in every age, men have had their own way of solving their own religious problems and their own especial fields in which to seek solutions. He has been reminded, too, that, just to-day, men are turning to the field of Nature, rather than to any other, as a promising one in which to pursue their study. Bearing in mind, then, the fact of this desire and the field of this endeavor it is worth while to look upon this, certainly one of the most marvelous phenomena of Nature in the world. Sitting here and looking there, it occurs to me to make a study in terms of an allegory, a Study of Life and of Death.

Let me trace that allegory back to the beginning. Away off yonder, one hundred and fifty miles away, in a spring on the side of a mountain, a tiny rivulet takes its rise. At first its tinkling, dancing blithesomeness is that of the slenderest mountain

brook. Through part of its course it bubbles and babbles like a child at play. Through another part, of corresponding length, drawing its aliment from many tributaries, its current increasing both in size and strength, it flows on amid scenes of tumult and confusion, between geysers, earth-vents, and volcanoes, yet wholly unconscious of, uninterested in, and unaffected by things in that world through which it moves. In this stage it is symbolic of a growing youth. And, through one other portion still, its size increasing and its rate accelerating, it flows, full of life, a placid, peaceful stream, until of a sudden something happens. Unexpectedly it is called upon to descend one hundred feet in its course, with sudden roar and tumult, at the Upper Falls.

For a while it lies there, stunned, dazed, and perplexed, revolving round and round in blind, aimless gyrations, seemingly unable to take any course again in a straight line. But it cannot stay here. Impelled by that which comes behind pressing it on, it is forced again to flow on farther—somewhere. From this point it flows where its channel, by this time established, leads it. It is still the same, yet not the same. It is no longer

the placid, peaceful stream it was above those Upper Falls; it is now changed into a tumbling, breaking, toiling, rolling, flowing river. On it moves, from this point, disturbed now by that experience and rendered seemingly unhappy, searching all the while for the placidity which characterized it once. Alas! it will never find again the peace of youth or childhood. Nor will that life of which it is the symbol ever return again to its former status. From the moment we cease to be children at play and become grown men and women at work, we go on protesting at every point: "Let me but get this over with that I may play the game." The pitiful thing is that our faces are lined with age and our hair is flecked with gray before we have learned that—this is the game.

So farther and still farther on the river flows, its rock bed deepening, its channel widening, the walls that hold it in on either side forever heightening, forced ever to flow on more swiftly toward that one great final something, the Lower Falls, the Great Falls, which stand straight in its way and seem to mark its terminus.

And not less interesting than the course of the



stream is the attitude of the people who stand with me here and look upon this scene. There are many kinds of people in the world. They regard life in many different ways. Some are care-worn and some careless; others thoughtless, flippant, frivolous; but apart from all these there are those who are rendered sober, earnest, thoughtful, by the sight before them. They are neither careless, blasé, frightened, nor yet sad; they are simply serious.

They realize that the forces of Nature are fateful forces, but that they have neither solicitude to preserve nor vengeance to destroy. They realize also that these forces, called by whatever name, must be reckoned with. They know that the old crass materialism of a generation ago has been outflanked by the real thing itself. They realize that, in proportion as men have learned more about Nature and have become less and less afraid of it, they have, in corresponding degree, learned more about life and have become in proportion more terribly afraid of themselves. They have become more solicitous about their own personality. Those who feel thus look over that chasm and wonder where it leads to. In short, the old, old



question presses: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Suppose, for the sake of illustration, I were in a boat in the middle of that stream, borne onward by that current in which I have not placed myself, which is leading me whither I would not go, but from which it is impossible for me to escape and on which course it is impossible for me to turn back. Suppose I come to the brink of those Falls, pause and shrink back, resist and struggle for a moment, but eventually go over—then what? Is that the end? Or shall I begin again where I left off, as does that water yonder, clinging to my former personality, as does the river to its old contour? "Shall I go farther, as it does also, in one sense the same river, yet in another sense a different one? If so, where can I continue, within what conditions, and under what circumstances?

First, the possibility of continued existence. Is it thinkable that I can go on? I look about me where I stand and I can see, as can be seen nowhere else in all the world perhaps, the process of creation going on under my very eyes. I can see a world of matter in formation and a world of living things in very evolution. I can see the signs of

elemental wars. I can hear the crash of Titan forces. I can note the play of powers that have tossed mountains high upon volcanoes' fiery hands, plowed them deep with plowshares of glaciers, and carved valleys with the blades of rivers. I see smoking yonder the very fires of the furnaces scarcely yet banked.

And, as I look a little closer, I see two things in as striking contrast as in close proximity: the smoking crater of an old volcano, in which the fire is just dying out, and close over against it, on another pinnacle, an eagle's nest in which a brood of young ones are just coming into life. I look about nearer at hand and I see my fellow human beings as far above birds in the scale of existence as those low-grade living things are above the fire-mist anteceding them. I mark how, step by step, this process of gradation has led up until it culminates in man. I reflect philosophically that, while matter is potentially conscious, plants sub-conscious, and animals conscious, man is self-conscious. Therefore, "I put my trust in my own soul, that can perceive the outward and the inward, Nature's good and God's." I arrive at the conviction that my life will go on, because my person-

ality is too valuable a thing to be annihilated. I take my stand on this, and I assert it is my firm conviction that, amid the crash of elements and wreck of worlds, beyond the break of time and shock of dissolution, I shall survive.

But the second question, pressing close upon this answer to that first one is: Go on under what conditions? The answer has always been: Under conditions that are supernatural. But here, in this strange region, I have made a real discovery; the distinction I have always been accustomed to make between "natural" and "supernatural" is artificial. The mistake has been that I have always thought of natural things as those which I have experienced, and therefore can understand, and of supernatural things as those which I have never experienced and therefore do not understand. In view of what I have learned in this curious country in the past few days alone, I come now to see that this distinction is a false one.

For example, I had always been taught that water everywhere and always flowed down hill. Only yesterday I saw water flowing straight up in the air two hundred and fifty feet. Why? Because it was impelled from underneath by forces

the very existence of which I had not known before. I had always been taught that water flowing from a spring on the hillside would be cold. And yet, only yesterday I tested one such spring and found the water scalding hot. I had always understood that water would freeze at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Yet only yesterday I found a pool where, because of certain constituent elements in it, the water never freezes at all. I had always been taught that a certain kind of needle, treated in a certain way, would point invariably to the North Pole; yet only yesterday I passed a mountain called "Electric Peak" which is so heavily charged with lodestone that a surveyor's instrument will not work on it. And, most of all, I am surprised to realize that these things, which only yesterday would have seemed to me supernatural, to-day—merely because I have seen them—I take for granted and regard as wholly natural. Which leads me to conclude that it is possible for me, somewhere, sometime, to move on, under conditions which, while they now seem supernatural, will, when I have once experienced them, seem to me perfectly normal and natural.

But in addition to a future state's appearing

just as natural to me as this present one, when I have passed on into it, I am constrained by what I have learned here to ascribe to it one other characteristic also. That is, I can at least conceive the possibility of my going on there relieved of certain limitations which here have always hampered me and retarded me in that development which should have made me what I long to be. If I can ever be relieved of these, anywhere else, I can hurry on, as with a flash maybe, to the completion of that development of which here I have been able possibly only to form the trend or to determine the direction.

The most common of these limitations, as well as the most difficult to think away philosophically, have always been two: space and time. Next after these are, first, the distracting annoyances which come into life from without, and, secondly, the burden of one's own passions and emotions from within. I can think of myself existing in a state where I would suddenly be relieved from the stress of all four of these things.

For example, my guide touches me on the elbow and says: "How long do you intend to stay here?" I start with surprise. He says, "How long do

you think you have been here?" I guess half an hour. He corrects me with a smile and says: "You have been here just two hours and three-quarters." That is to say, under conditions which were so unusual to me, I have simply lost the sense of time.

Again he says to me: "Before you go, look at that mountain. How far do you think it is?" I guess two miles. "Well," he corrects, "it is just seventeen." That is to say, the clarity of the light and rarity of the atmosphere have so combined to deceive me that here, under conditions which are so unusual to me, I have lost the sense of distance. I can therefore conceive of myself existing in an environment where time and space as factors would be eliminated entirely.

Once more, when my guide first spoke to me, I had my eyes fixed on the falling water and had so far given way to an optical illusion that, instead of the water seeming to flow and I to stand still, the water was standing still and I was soaring off through space, away from everything, away even from myself. Just so, I can think of myself existing in an environment where my very self-consciousness would have no part; where my pas-



sions and proclivities, my lusts and all the things that war against my soul, would never again hamper or retard me.

At length the crowd disperses; but I stay behind. I linger on until I am alone. I stay until the sun goes down. When, lo! the most surprising thing of all! An hour after the sun has sunk out of sight, when I have just decided all is over and the darkness will come now, all of a sudden, by some curious process of refraction in the atmosphere of this most curious region, the whole canyon flashes out in splendid sheen, its miles of length aglow with new and glorious splendor. And I reflect, full of amazement: It is true, then, that if one places himself in the right position, even "at eventide it shall be light."

At length I turn back, climb the hill, and take the trail home through the forest. As I do, the colors vanish and the sound dulls in the distance. So, I know, a year from now, a thousand miles away, my inspiration will diminish, my enthusiasm lessen, and my ardor cool. Yet nothing even then can ever make me doubt that canyon is there. I know that it is there, that it exists, for I have seen it. If this simile withal has been suggestive, if



this allegory shall have served its purpose, it proves this conclusively: That if one has even once stood on the Mount of Vision and caught a glimpse of the light that never was on sea or land, he will have seen a new heaven, as easily as a new earth, and that even though one after another of the former things have passed, or shall yet pass, away.

## CHAPTER XI

### A Sunday at the Grand Canyon

*A Study of Hell; a Similitude and a Conjecture*



LAST Sunday, with the Yellowstone Park for a place of worship and with Nature, spelled with a capital letter, for preacher, I went to church where there is no church. I heard a sermon where there is no sanctuary save the whole of God's great out-of-doors, and where there is no eloquence save only that of wind and water, sky and mountain, sound and silence. The beauty of the scene there taught me somewhat, I believe, of Heaven. So the somber, awe-inspiring aspect of another spectacle I stand to-day and look upon, the Grand Canyon in Arizona, speaks upon a theme the opposite. To-day—for again it is Sunday—I am visiting a place in all respects the complement of that of last week, and, prompted by the same incentive, I fall here by force of what I gaze upon to make a like study of Hell.

I have been led into a mood conducive to the doing of this also recently by something else. I have been reading—or rereading, rather—Dante's superb masterpiece. I have been impressed this time, even as never before, with the way in which, nowadays, one can read *The Inferno*, with all its horrible realism, and yet remain unmoved by it. We do not take it seriously. Nobody does. But to-day I am having this even more novel experience; I am standing looking on the horrible aspect of a gruesome, weird, uncanny scene in nature, and of realizing how every one is struck by realism here. It is a sign of the times; it is a subject of comment.

I wish I could describe the scene. But no one can or ever will. The thing is so monstrously large that one can get no single point of view from which to treat it comprehensively. Even when one does see it in part, there seems nothing to say. No one speaks descriptively; they only utter exclamation. Human paucity of conception and human limitation of expression are such that it can only be looked upon shudderingly; it cannot be spoken about adequately.

There it is, a canyon in name, but an earth-rent

in reality, a great gash in the firmament, two hundred miles long, a dozen miles wide, and a mile deep. It has been caused by the slow, gradual æon-long uprising of that great, wide, desert plain, of treeless, barren, earthen clay, the while the river has as gradually cut its way down to its rightful level in flowing first across and long since through it. The general altitude of that plateau—the so-called “Painted Desert Region”—has arisen some five thousand feet in, perhaps, five million or as many dozen million years.

And not only the size of the spectacle, but the uncanny things attending it, are calculated to make it seem gruesome, awesome. As you approach the region there is no sign, absolutely none, that you are coming to anything unusual, until within a hundred feet of it you come of a sudden in sight of a chasm—the largest, the widest, the deepest, and the most difficult of passage of any natural barrier in all the world. You stand on a point here and look across to a point yonder, to what would be the opposite brink of the edge of an ordinary river bank at home, and you are told it is full thirteen miles away.

The place has been compared to many things:

to a mountain range inverted; to an ocean with the water all pumped out; and to many other things as hypothetically impossible; but all fail to give any conception of its size. The only way to convey this idea is by some process of comparative illustration. For example, you could invert Mount Blanc and drop it, cone pointed, into yonder pit and it would crash and disappear below the level of the plain. In yon single valley you could place two of the Pyramids of Egypt for piers; across these you could span the arch of the Brooklyn Bridge; on the middle of this you could rear the highest modern forty-story building; on top of this you could erect as an ornament the Washington Monument, and when you had climbed, in imagination, to the top of all, you would even then not be half way from the bottom of that chasm to the level of this esplanade.

There are single points of vantage on which you could stand (again, of course, in imagination), and from which you could drop any half-dozen of the so-called "greatest things on earth"—Niagara, Mammoth Cave, Big Trees, Yosemite, even the whole of the Yellowstone National Park—and have them practically drop out of sight. You

could bring to that brink all the cities of earth and drop them in; on top of this you could march all the armies of the earth, as in the Sunken Road to Arles at Waterloo, and have space enough left for all the human beings upon earth to be buried as though in one spacious grave.

Now, no one can describe a scene like that; it can only be seen. And, even then, the thrill that comes with seeing it is different to that resulting from the sight of any other scene. For, not only is the spectacle greater in size; the scene is different in kind from any other in the world. There are two effects that it produces: it so terrifies and frightens that I have seen it cause actual hysteria; or it enraptures with that curious fascination which high places have in tempting people to jump over.

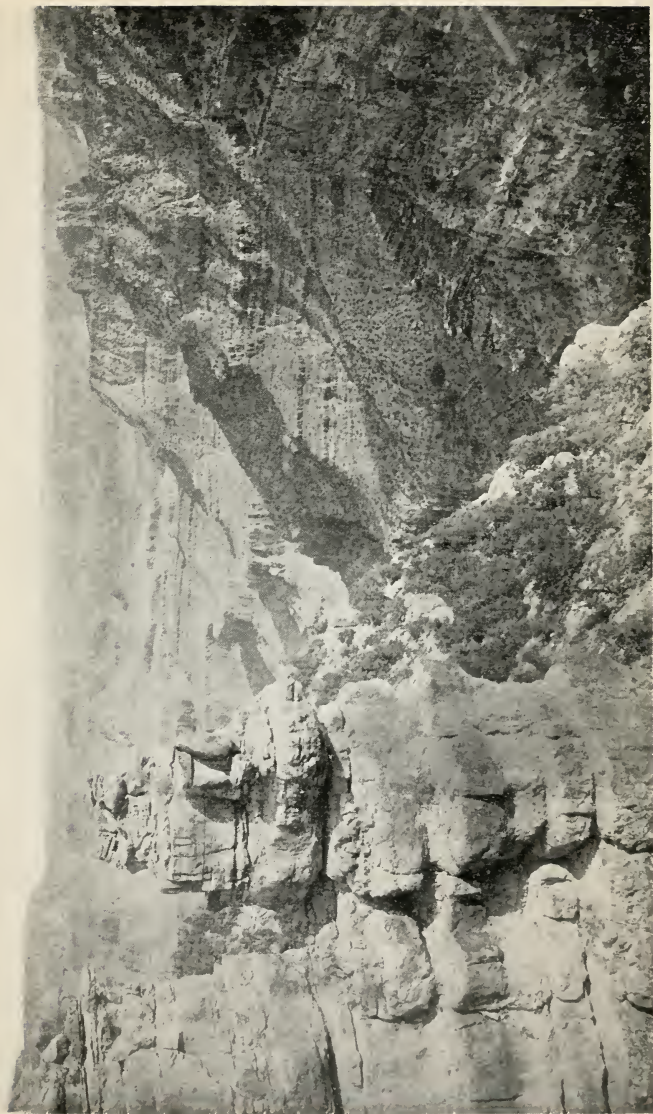
As you make the descent along the trail also, there are thrills distinctive and sensations peculiar. You can stand on points, for instance, jutting out at successive levels and look down over cliffs five hundred, six hundred, even twelve hundred feet; and, turning your eyes upward, you can look back as far to the various levels above. From points along this winding route you can look off in every

direction over vast landscapes with salient rocks and cliffs that glitter in the glaring sun; you can see dark shadows settling in long valleys and low gulches and on heights made higher and in depths made deeper by the glamour and witchery of light and shade.

Yonder there are steppes and mesas; there are colored dolomites and quartzite ledges; there are points at which the depths of valleys seem interminable and the tops of cliffs seem insurmountable. After I had traveled this route seven miles yesterday, by a zigzag, switchback, catch-as-catch-can, slanting, tilting, broken, shoot-the-chutes sort of a trail, I made the descent only to the edge of the Inner Granite Gorge, thirteen hundred feet from the water. That is to say, I was still four times as far from the river as the brink is from the water at Niagara Falls. As I stood on this brink and looked into that deep, black, yawning chasm, hideous and distorted masses of dark colored rocks hung over the gloomy cavern and a subdued sullen roar seemed to issue from between its menacing jaws. For through this last gorge flows the Rio Colorado—literally Spanish, “River Color Red.”

Looking on it where it issued yonder, I could





Grand Canyon, Arizona

Courtesy, A., T. and S. Fé R. R. Co.

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J. D. LENOX  
EDWARD T. LUTHER

not tell whence, and disappearing there, I know not whither, looking at the shadows also that hung over the abysmal chasm, I thought long of all the things that I have ever known of giant size and fearful form: of the Titans and Monadnock and of the Sphinx and of the Styx. To-day, when I have climbed back, my imagination frames on two sides yonder Scylla and Charybdis, and I would not be surprised to see from any point come Charon or Apollyon. I recall the stories of Cronos and Rhea. I think of Istar and of Cerebus; of Tantalus and Ixion, of Sisyphus and Danaïdes. I think of Tartarus and the Plutonian Shore. I think of Milton's "Gulf profound as that Serbonian bog, where armies whole have sunk," of the Valley of Baca, and the Shades of Vallombrosa; but most of all I think of a certain Great Gulf Fixed. I think, in terms of all the imaginary that I have ever known employed of Hell.

Now, the question I am prompted to ask is: Why does this scene suggest to me hell? Just what is the popular idea of a place of punishment? Why is the idea one of place at all? Where did we get it? How nearly is it accurate? Rather, how grievously is it inaccurate? What better

way is there of thinking of my sins—if I think rightly of myself?

Right well I know that, for certain near-devout people, even to raise this inquiry is to tread upon forbidden ground. It is feared that to break down the conventional doctrine of hell is to lessen the horror of sin. They admit to themselves that “the fear of hell’s a hangman’s whip to hold the wretch in order”; but they want the wretch held; and they believe this is the surest way. I doubt it. For the very flaunting of fear—certainly if it be fear of an unreality—can be overdone. And this has been overdone by being wrongly done. As a matter of fact, there are ways of getting on entirely without our erstwhile thought of a localized hell, and yet of increasing the dread of a real kind of punishment, present indeed as well as future, penalty for sin.

Certain teachers have made such horrible misrepresentations of fact in their conception of arbitrary unnatural punishment that thoughtful as well as thoughtless men in modern times have reacted from their teaching, and in a generation given to skepticism of all things, live in consequence in unlimited and unbridled license. Is there no

punishment for sin? There certainly is; but it matters not where. Time and place are not of primary importance. One stubborn fact continues still a fact; that is, never in this world, or in any world, will men be able to escape from themselves. Never in this world, or in any world, will they be able to escape the pursuing shadow of their own actions. That is, never can they flee self-accusation. And the more isolated the state, the more the chance for self-analysis, the keener the pang of self-contempt, and the more poignant the pain of self-accusation. There is such a thing as the hell of loneliness; there is also, I trow, the loneliness of hell. Loneliness, that is the mark of this region; aloneness, I trow, is the state of the damned. This new conception is more terrible than the old.

It is interesting to notice that both in its ideas and in its definite teaching, the New Testament turns for the most part on the present life, with its moral choice and spiritual responsibility, and on the state of being that follows the judgment, with its final decisions. It makes little of the mysterious space that comes between the two. As Christianity counts that sphere of being as Heaven in which God's will is perfectly done, so

it counts as Hell that sphere in which God's will is absolutely opposed. An approach to either state is an approach to Heaven or Hell.

All that our Lord says regarding that which we think of as hell is said in other connections, entirely apart from the use of the word itself. Cases in point are certain of the parables, as, for instance, that of the wedding where the door was shut and that of the vineyard where certain servants were cast out. But most notable is that direful expression about being "cast into outer darkness"; or, as in another case, "going off into outer darkness," as though in consequence of a self-selected course a soul is in the end simply impelled by its own inner nature to withdraw from its kind. In short, the substance of His teaching is that there is no such thing as future punishment arbitrarily and per measure inflicted. The punishment is in the separation of a guilty soul withdrawn by an accusing conscience.

Now it will be of special interest if we find our modern impression in correspondence with that teaching. We do have to-day a conception of punishment for sin. And it is of this kind. It is suggested by something I can see from here.



I look across that chasm and I am struck by one thing: by its loneliness. The Hell of Loneliness is the Loneliness of Hell. The fact is, the mystery of our solidarity is not more wonderful than the mystery of our loneliness. Few of us begin to realize to what an extent we live and act and exist alone. We look upon an object, of a certain color and size, and we say it looks the same to us all; but I can only see it out of the window of my own being; I have no way of knowing how it looks to another. We speak of language as an expression of the common consciousness; but as the real interpreter of the soul how far does it go? When a man tells me he is glad or that he is in pain, what kind of an insight does that give me into his actual state of being? Truly has it been said: "There are thoughts in which one has no confidant and sorrows which cannot be shared." We live alone, we dream alone, we suffer alone, we usually sin alone. And for sin we must certainly suffer alone.

It is significant the way men speak of a soul matured in its depravity. For instance, Lord Bacon says: "Being without well-being is a curse, and the greater the being the greater the curse."



Lord Byron says: "There is no power which can exorcise from out the unbounded spirit the quick sense of its own sins." Chrysostom, commenting on the words, "Depart ye cursed," says: "Their own works brought the punishment on them. The fire was not prepared for them, but for Satan, and they participate in his punishment by choosing his part." Augustine, in his *Confessions*, says: "Each man's sin is the instrument of his punishment and his iniquity is turned into torment in his solitude." Milton, with a perspicuity beyond the average of his poem, makes Satan say, "Whither shall I fly? Which way I turn is Hell. Myself am Hell."

## CHAPTER XII

### A Sunday in the Canadian Rockies

*A Land where Sublimity Excites New Awe for the  
Infinite*



IN a three weeks' journey, to this point through the West and now far into the Canadian Northwest, I have by accident spent three successive Sundays at that number of marvelous sites of natural scenery—the most marvelous withal on this whole Western Continent: The first, in the Yellowstone Park; the second, at the Grand Canyon in Arizona; and the third, to-day, at Banff in the heart of the Canadian Rockies.

In that order, these three points have been progressive; it is in this course that this journey should always be taken, for here is culmination certainly of all one comes to see—this mighty serried and serrated circle of The Selkirks. With the possible exception of the Himalayas alone,

here is mountain scenery unmatched upon this globe. Like the Grand Canyon—because of its depth and its distance—these mountains because of their height, but still more because of their even wider extent, simply cannot be described. The region is too large; its charm is much too manifold.

The stretch of it one sees alone from the rail route extends from this point for five hundred miles west toward the sea, one thousand miles to the south, and four hundred more indefinitely to the north. It is a region as vast as twenty Switzerlands rolled into one; so vast it is that it takes two days and a night even to ride through it on an express train; so long one travels that there literally come to seem commonplace, on that surfeiting journey, a thousand sights any one of which would be visited as a spectacle by itself if it had chanced to be located in some eastern one of the United States.

At this particular point—the point at which Banff marks the center of a district—it seems as though all the vicinity's charms come to one gorgeous climax. If by any possibility the scene could be depicted by the pen, what the reader would see would be: yonder, to the north, a huge



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mass, Cascade Mountain, 9800 feet high and, as due south, three other mountains, Rundel, Sulphur, and Tunnel Mountains, rising seven and a half, eight and a half, and nine and a half thousand feet to the sky; while off directly to the east is Mount Inglismaldi and westward, although twenty miles away still in plain view, Assiniboine, the Matterhorn of the New World.

If in this region at any point, in any direction you lift your eyes, at any hour of the day—and for that matter, because of the high altitude and northern latitude, far into the summer night—you will see only mountains, mountains, mountains. There are mountains seemingly so near that you could reach a hand and touch them; mountains so far away that streams of water flowing down their sides look insignificant as narrow bands of ribbon; mountains so vast that avalanches coursing down them cut out dead trees from the forest as easily as would a gardener pluck weeds out of a flower bed; mountains so high that clouds which would look far off elsewhere are at home less than half-way up to their summits; while, running through all and above all, there are gloomy gorges and tremendous cliffs, there are peaks thrust to

the sky line and snow fields that glitter in the sun like lakes of silver; there are pine forests of somber green and fleecy clouds as white as snow; and, strange deception, even as you look, summits and forests and snow fields and clouds all blend together into one weird mass of beauty.

As you gaze upon it the entire region seems to move—and to move upward. The whole mass recedes, unfolding farther and still farther, upward and forever upward, until you come to think real the fabled possibility of piling mountain upon mountain, “as the Titans erst heaved Pelion on Ossa and Ossa on Olympus, scaling the high seat of Jove.” I had not thought of it, but speaking of Jove is appropriate on Sunday. And both are appropriate here, for of all places for meditation this is such a place *par excellence*. Of all the sermons, too, in Nature’s repertoire, here is a pulpit for preaching a most eloquent one. To one who stands here and looks upon a scene like that which unfolds yonder, thoughts of great moment cannot help but break upon him. Of such thoughts there may be as many as there are kinds of people; but at least one of them comes to me in the words of that ancient, antiquated passage: “I



will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

One who stands in this location enters willy-nilly into that old writer's mood. I do not know who the ancient poet-peasant singer was; but I do know what was his frame of mind. He was half-way pagan and half pietist. I know also this: he was a man of serious mien; he was a man in trouble; and his language was the language of a great resolve. Furthermore, I know that his resolve was a perfectly natural one. It was natural in at least two particulars: first, to wing his aspiration upward; and, secondly, to turn his gaze when he lifted it up to the hills as his objective.

The objective is full as normal as the action; to the hills, the higher the more fascinating. That man, puny, primitive, pitiful perhaps, went in quest of divinity, and divinity then, as now, as always, when personified was localized upon the hilltops. For example, when altars were first builded they were always upon "high places"; when a law was "given" its descent from Heaven was traced to Mount Sinai.

For some reason there is still something especially compelling and constraining upon men's

emotions when they are in presence of great mountains. There is something which compels men, elsewhere flippant, in that presence to become sober, earnest, reverent beyond their wont. For some strange reason, when upon the top of a hill, they still feel, with childish naïveté, nearer Heaven; and when at a mountain's base, in contemplation of it, they feel farther off and have more longing for it than when elsewhere.

It states a veritable commonplace to say that physical strength is gained, or, rather, regained, in these mountain regions. The forces of nature here do seem to be so wanton in their exercise of strength and prowess that one feels himself catch somewhat of this power by mere contagion. In these spaces, too, so wide and open, one seems to breathe in a fresh store of vitality and to draw in new aliment from very unpeopled immensity. The scene itself is peaceful also. It is so reposeful that, in sight of it, great loads of care ought to drop from tired shoulders and a man returned to this extent to nature ought to spring aloft and feel himself standing as straight as one of those tall, stalwart pines upon the mountain sides.

But all this is not to the point. It is good state-

ment of fact, but it is not in the line of this logic. For this is not the kind of help that we set out in search of. No one sets out with a scene like this for contemplation, with a theme like that for cogitation. There is such a thing as physical strength, but there is also another kind, soul power. Who was speaking of the rate of pulse beats? Our theme was lightness of heart. It was not regularity of respiration, but intensity of aspiration. Everybody knows the difference. Everybody knows also the longing for this second.

More than this, they know as well that from this kind of pain beauty of scenery alone cannot bring coveted relief. For example, there are few finer things in all literature than Burke's *Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful*. In it he considers the great mountains of the earth one by one: he points out that, in the fact that they are capped with snow and decked with sunshine, there is beauty. But what of it? Is not Niagara sublime? And yet Niagara has been a favorite place to commit suicide. Is not Greece the land of world-famed beauty? And yet Byron dragged a bleeding heart half-way across the continent of Europe to escape the pain he felt there. A sense of power and

physical strength do emanate from proximity to great mountains; but not so, of itself, a sense of joy or of relief to one in sadness. For that deeper pain the surface facts produce no help. By the test of failure, then, we are driven back to ask whether there be or not anything back of these.

For answer I look long at yonder mountain. As the light plays on it, I give my imagination full play with it. As I sit and look long I can see those rocks, in fancy, frame themselves in any shape I will. I sit and wait and watch the while the parts of its bold surface mold themselves into features, aye, the features of a face. And, as I list, I hear a voice speak to my inner musings from those lips of stone. It only speaks to inner ears; but, to my inner consciousness, it does speak. And it says? What is its message?

It is possible to pick out three essentials, like three tones or overtones of one great harmony; for there are that number of things that characterize every hill, every high place, every mountain; they are its size, its age, and its silence. These suggest, and in this order, the three faculties to which the mountain thus personified so speaks; namely, the

mind, the heart, and the soul—if I happen to have one of each.

Huge size bespeaks the greatness of a great Creator; the thought of long enduring age begets complacency; it does this by suggesting a long enough perspective in viewing incidents in their relation to each other to make the reasons for their occurrence more nearly plainly apparent; patient silence breathes peace into the soul and in a way all of its own. The three facts thus established, and in cumulative order, are: first, that God is; secondly, that He is powerful enough to help; but, thirdly, that He helps in ways that may be understood only by taking a large enough view of life as a whole.

Of course, we know, when we reason it out, that size here means nothing. Of course, we know that Nature speaks truly when she says: "He that knoweth the least of my secrets is master of all that I am." Of course the poet was right when he said: "Little flower in the crannied wall, I pluck you out of the cranny and hold you here in my hand. Little flower, if I could know what thou art, root and branch and all, I should know what God and man are." Of course we know this when we fall

back upon reason; but men do not all, or any of them always, do this. The logic of intuition upon which they act as well as feel is that everything they see that is greater than something they have seen before gives them a greater impression of its maker than they have yet had before.

Here is the fallacy that inheres in the claim of materialism. The moment matter becomes so big in its bulk as to be obtrusive, the thought of its bigness is the one thought that becomes the most intrusive. To put the matter in technical phrase, as Professor Picton, in his *Religion of the Universe* remarks: "Materialism has never been anything but a morbid concomitant of the wonder excited from time to time by fresh glimpses into the maze of natural phenomena." To put it in popular phrase: Back of all phenomena there is a source of phenomena, call it whom or what you will. To sum up the substance of both phrases: the greater is the thing we see, the greater its maker comes to seem. And, of such things as these, the builder and maker is God.

The second thing I notice is that mountain's age. It is a familiar form of exaggeration to say of a thing: "It is as old as the hills." Of course,

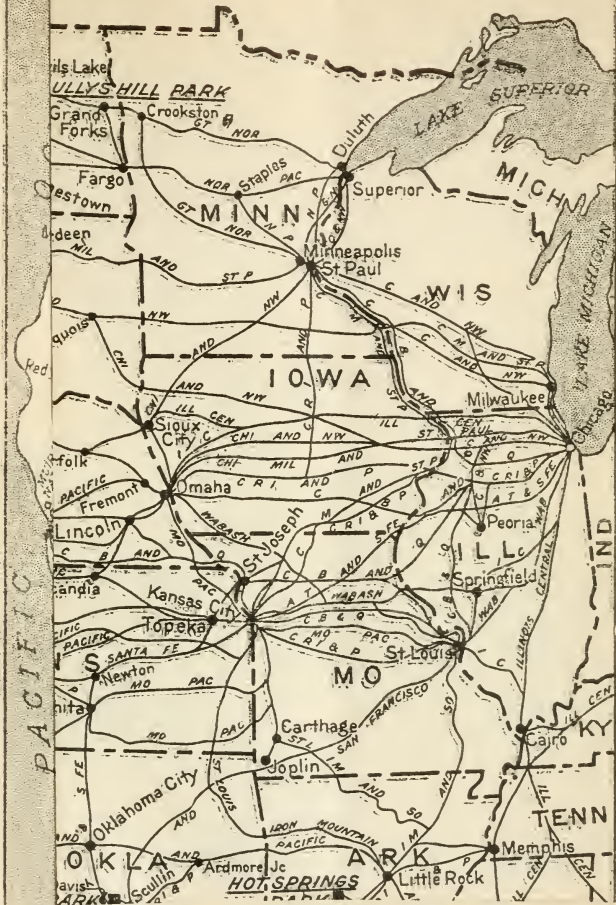
in reality it is not: nothing else is so old. Such masses of material were the first to shape themselves in the process of earth's evolution. It is difficult to make real to one who has not seen them the appearance of great age these mountains have. And it is still more difficult to make real the consequent air of repose that this gives them. There they stand and there they have stood, year by year through century on century. And, through change of age and era and epoch and æon, they have stood, so constant, massive, and majestic.

The message of their calm complacency is this: In times of trouble, distress, and perplexity, one must look for explanation, not at passing, fitful, and ephemeral things, but farther. This may be a hard lesson to learn. And the length of one lifetime may seem all too short a period in which to learn it. Nevertheless, before one can have peace of mind, it must be learned.

The third and last thing that I notice about those great, monster mountains is their silence. They stand so silent that speech in description of them seems a profanation. Those far-off heights, unpeopled, unwooded even, but rock-mounted and



snow-covered, lie, whether in heat or in cold, whether in sunlight or shade, always still, always quiet, in a ghostlike, wraithlike silence. ' Over all, there is a sort of moving stillness, a kind of vocal silence. But to one who listens in alert imagination, that very silence becomes vocal; that very stillness becomes articulate. And, to the soul within, a soul somewhere without one speaks, and speaking thus, it says: Having once withstood the shock of our own creation, we can now look unmoved upon anything. This is a suggestion of the eternal fact that there has been tragedy in the very fact of creation itself; that there is sensitiveness, even suffering, throughout the universe; and that this suffering extends, in the form of eternal longing, of perpetual solicitude, to the very heart, the anxious heart, of the Almighty God Himself.



Map of the Location of National Parks  
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